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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

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TO

RELIGION. LITERATURE. & SOCIAL PROGRESS.

EDITED
BY
REV. W. M. WITHROW, D.D.

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CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

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TORONTO, Nov. 10th, 1885.

FOURTEEN YEARS' RECORD.

THE CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION commenced business on Nov. 1st, 1871, so that the first **Fourteen** years were completed on Oct. 31st, 1885. The success which has attended the Association has more than fulfilled the expectations entertained at the outset, and its position to-day as one of the leading financial institutions of Canada, is most gratifying to its friends.

The following record of what has been done for the **Policy-Holders** is interesting and instructive:—

Paid for Death claims,	\$467,095 00
Paid to holders of Endowment Policies,	25,848 00
Paid for Cash surrender values,	77,118 00
Paid Cash profits to Policy-Holders ,	170,452 00
Loaned to Policy-Holders on their Policies,	38,012 00
Paid to Holders of Annuity Bonds,	11,426 00
Premiums returned,	320 00

Total, - - - - - \$790,271 00

In addition to the \$170,452 **Cash** profits already paid to the **Policy-Holders**, there will have accrued at the close of the present year (estimated) the further large sum of from \$190,000 to \$200,000; which will be still further increased at the end of the current quinquennium (31st Dec., 1886), to \$250,000, and probably more, or about **Twice** the amount of the **Policy-Holders'** share of surplus at the close of the **Second Quinquennium** (Dec. 31st, 1881).

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CATAWBA FALLS.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

THROUGH THE OLD DOMINION AND THE
CAROLINAS.

II.



VIADUCTS NEAR HENRY'S, W. N. C. R. R.

THE base of the Blue Ridge, in North Carolina, is reached at Morganton, *via* the Western North Carolina Railroad, and the glorious panorama of mountain scenery begins to unfold itself to the delighted vision. The Table Rock, a giant mountain of granite stretching up 4,000 feet, with its flat surface of twenty acres and its perpendicular sides reaching into the dark valleys below, presents a most striking outline against the blue sky beyond it, and in juxtaposition is the Hawk's Bill, a lonely, barren rock over 4,000 feet high, which seems to have been

cleft by some mighty convulsion of nature from the Table Rock, and to have been placed on the other side of the Linville river as a sentinel on its banks. One view of this pinnacle presents the profile of a hawk's head and beak, and the name is derived from this peculiar contour of its face. Moving westward from Morganton we pass up and along the fertile valley of the Catawba, with the mountains rising on either side, until we reach the picturesque Falls of Catawba, shown in our frontispiece.

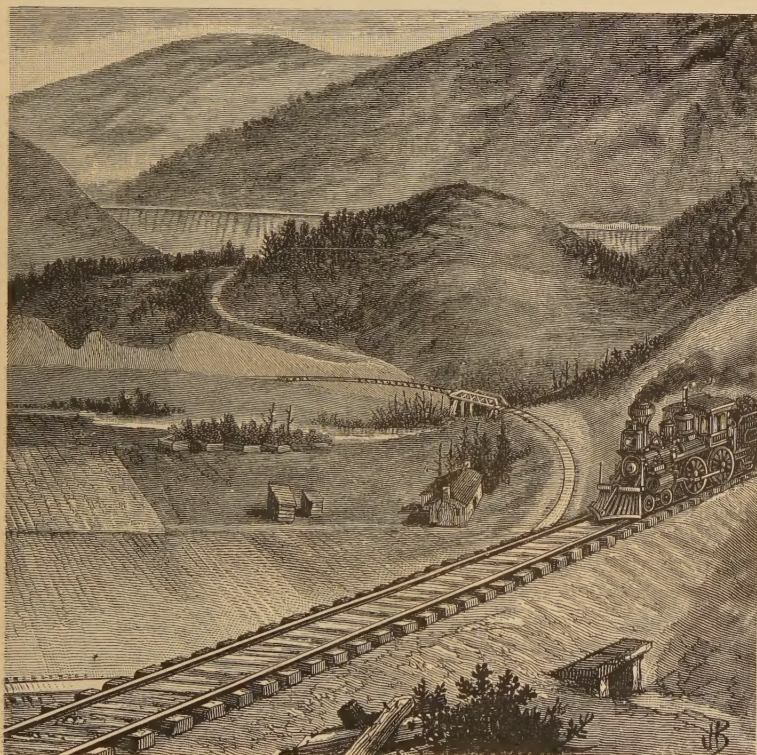
Round Knob is a picture worthy of the painter's brush and the artist's pencil. In the rear of the splendid hotel, the railroad company has constructed a large artificial lake, by dam-



ROUND KNOB.

ming up "Silver Creek," which runs through the valley below, and from the smooth surface a fountain throws up a stream 268 feet high, which is said to be six feet higher than any other jet of water in the world. In the centre of the valley, a conical-shaped little mountain rises to the height of a few hundred feet, and from its crest the visitor can see the tortuous windings of the cars as they ascend the mountain to its summit. The distance is eight miles, and presents one of the most splendid achievements of civil engineering on this continent. The line twists and turns and doubles itself on its own track in so many crooked trails that it often puts the passenger in doubt whether he is going up or coming back, and while he gazes out of one window

to discover the route above, his eyes penetrate into some deep gorge when he sees the thread-like track over which he has already come. The train rolls easily along from ridge to ridge, and circling the knobs and dodging the coves like a thing of life, but ever ascending higher and higher until with a bound it plunges into the tunnel through which it burrows under the gap, and after a moment's suspense emerges into the light of



FOUR PARALLEL TRACKS, NEAR ROUND KNOB.

day on the western slope of the Blue Ridge. The first long whistle of the engine is echoed down the streams which flow to the Mississippi, instead of the Atlantic, and the conductor announces "Black Mountain Station."

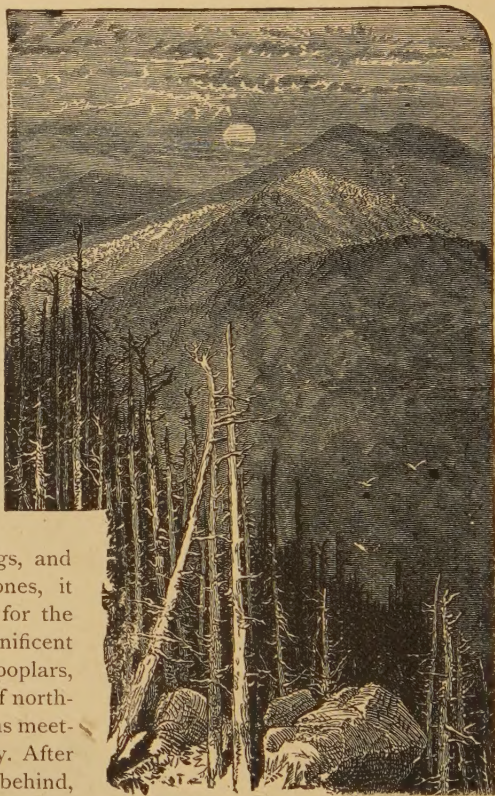
The eager passenger looks to see the lofty mountain peak which rises above all others east of the "Rockies." If the day be clear, his curiosity will be gratified, but "clouds and dark-

ness" are often round his lofty dome, as if it were too sacred for the common gaze of mankind. On its loftiest altitude lies buried the body of Prof. Elisha Mitchell, D.D., who first trod this lonely spot and measured its height. It is called Mount Mitchell in honour to his memory, and it has become at once his monument and his tomb.

That genial tourist, Charles Dudley Warner, thus describes, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, his ascent of this mountain:—

"From Wilson's to the peak of Mitchell is seven and a half miles; we made it in five and a half hours. A bridle path was cut years ago, but it has been entirely neglected. The way was exceedingly steep in places, and what with roots, and logs, and slippery rocks and stones, it was a desperate climb for the horses. What a magnificent forest! Oaks, chestnuts, poplars, hemlocks, and all sorts of northern and southern growths meeting here in splendid array. After the great trees were left behind, we entered a garden of white birches, and then a plateau of swamp, thick with raspberry bushes, and finally the ridges, densely crowded with the funereal black balsam. Half way up is a colossal tree, more like a column than a tree, rising high into the air, with scarcely a perceptible taper, perhaps sixty, more like a hundred, feet before it puts out a limb. Its girth six feet from the ground is thirty-two feet! It stood here, of course, a giant, when Columbus sailed from Spain.

"The struggle was more severe as we neared the summit, and the footing worse for the horses. Occasionally it was safest to dismount and lead them up slippery ascents; but this was also dangerous, for it was difficult to keep them from treading on our heels in their frantic flounderings in



MOUNT MITCHELL.

the steep, wet, narrow, brier-grown path. It was a wonder the horses' legs were not broken a dozen times. As we approached the top, Big Tom, the guide, pointed out the direction, a half a mile away, of a small pond, a little mountain tarn, overlooked by a ledge of rock, where Professor Mitchell lost his life. Tom was the guide who found his body. That day as we sat on the summit he gave in great detail the story.

"The first effort to measure the height of the Black Mountains was made in 1835, by Professor Elisha Mitchell, professor of mathematics and chemistry in the University of North Carolina. Mr. Mitchell was a native of Connecticut, born in 1793; graduated at Yale, ordained a Presbyterian minister, and was for some time State surveyor; and became a professor at Chapel Hill in 1818. He first ascertained and published the fact that the Black Mountains are the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains. The estimates of altitudes made by different explorers varied considerably. The height now fixed for Mount Mitchell is 6,711; that of Mount Washington is 6,285. There are twelve peaks in this range higher than Mount Washington; there are some twenty in this State higher than the granite giant of New Hampshire. Professor Mitchell (then in his sixty-fourth year) made a third ascent in June, 1857. He was alone and did not return. No anxiety was felt for two or three days, as he was a good mountaineer, and it was supposed he had crossed the mountain and made his way out by the Caney River. But when several days passed without tidings of him, a search party was formed. Big Tom was with it. They explored the mountain in all directions unsuccessfully. At length Big Tom separated himself from his companions and took a course in accordance with his notion of that which would be pursued by a man lost in the clouds or the darkness. He soon struck the trail of the wanderer and, following it, discovered Mitchell's body lying in a pool at the foot of a rocky precipice some thirty feet high. It was evident that Mitchell, making his way along the ridge in darkness or fog, had fallen off. It was the ninth (or the eleventh) day of his disappearance, but in the pure mountain air the body had suffered no change. There was some talk of burying him on the mountain, but the friends decided otherwise, and the remains, with much difficulty, were got down to Asheville and there interred.

"Some years afterwards, I believe at the instance of a society of scientists, it was resolved to transport the body to the summit of Mount Mitchell; for the tragic death of the explorer had forever settled in the popular mind the name of the mountain. The task was not easy. A road had to be cut, over which a sledge could be hauled, and the hardy mountaineers who undertook the removal were three days in reaching the summit with their burden. The remains were accompanied by a considerable concourse, and the last rites on the top were participated in by a hundred or more scientists and prominent men from different parts of the State. Such a strange cortége had never before broken the silence of this lonely wilderness, nor was ever burial more impressive than this wild interment above the clouds.

"After a struggle of five hours we emerged from the balsams and briers into a lovely open meadow, of lush clover, timothy, and blue grass. The

meadow sloped up to a belt of balsams and firs, a steep rocky knob, and climbing that on foot we stood upon the summit of Mount Mitchell at one o'clock. The summit is a nearly level spot of some thirty or forty feet in extent either way, with a floor of rock and loose stones. The sweep of the



ROYAL GORGE, AS SEEN NEAR "LICK LOG" TUNNEL.

prospect is vast. Portions of six States were in sight. What we saw, wherever we looked, was an inextricable tumble of mountains—domes, peaks, ridges, endless and countless, everywhere, some in shadow, some tipped with shafts of sunlight, all wooded and green or black, and all in more softened contours than our Northern hills, but still wild, lonesome,

terrible. Away in the south-west, lifting themselves up in a gleam of the western sky, the Great Smoky Mountains loomed like a frowning continental fortress, sullen and remote.

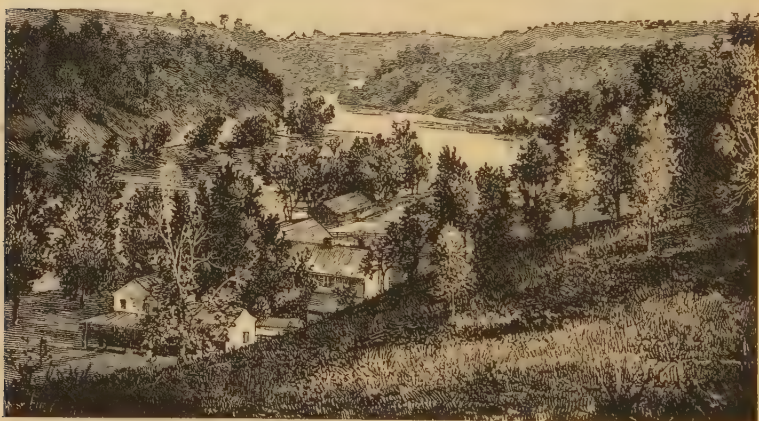
"In the centre of the stony plot on the summit lie the remains of Mitchell. To dig a grave in the rock was impracticable, but the loose stones were scooped away to the depth of a foot or so, the body was deposited, and the stones were replaced over it. The grave is surrounded by a low wall of loose stones, to which each visitor adds one, and in the course of ages the cairn may grow to a good size. The explorer lies there without name or headstone to mark his awful resting-place. The mountain is his monument. He is alone with its majesty. He is there in the clouds, in the tempests, where the lightnings play and the thunders leap, amid the elemental tumult, in the occasional great calm and silence and the pale sunlight. It is the most majestic, the most lonesome grave on earth."

Asheville is the loveliest city of western North Carolina, set upon a hundred hills. The railroad touches the banks of the famous French Broad River within one mile of Asheville. The tourist is always impatient to descend the deep canyon, which makes the great highway over the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. There are no lakes in this region; the streams have long since worn away the rocks and made themselves a bed deep down in the bosom of the mountain, leaving the perpendicular stone walls to mark the place from which they began their work centuries ago. The descent down the river is from sixteen to twenty feet per mile, and follows all the curves and bends of the crooked stream.

Looking from the car window, we often see the engine of a long train running almost at right angles to the rear coach, and drawing it on in graceful curves until the projecting ridge conceals the locomotive from our view. The mountains bordering on either side of the deep gorge rise to the height of from 500 to 1,000 feet. These rugged palisades, which the Creator made of everlasting granite, have scarcely any soil lodged upon them, and often their faces are entirely naked and bare; occasionally we discover a silvery little stream threading its way among the ravines "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face."

The most picturesque view in the vicinity of Asheville is Connolly's, which is situated on an elevated point of a mountain ridge that drops off suddenly into the plain near the confluence of the Swannanoa and French Broad Rivers. It commands a view of both rivers up and down for a mile or

more, and the trains on the Western North Carolina Railroad give life and animation to the scene, as they come rushing down the one stream and make a graceful curve along the banks of the other. When we look down from some lofty peak like Pisgah, on this wilderness of mountains which raise their gigantic forms in every direction, it would seem a hopeless task to attempt the construction of a railroad through their rugged labyrinths. But the observant eye of the engineer discovers that there are two deep fissures or canyons in this apparently impassable barrier. Mr. Hayne, the eloquent Senator from South Carolina, said, in 1835, that the Alleghany mountains were the dividing line of two great empires, and that sooner or



CONNOLLY'S VIEW.

later they would become the geographical and natural boundary of a trans-Alleghany and cis-Alleghany republic, unless they could be united by bands of iron, laid down through these great depressions which the Creator had marked out for railroads. Part of this mighty work has been achieved by the Western North Carolina Railroad Company, who laid the iron "bands of empire" along the French Broad in 1882.

Few persons appreciate the magnitude and importance of these great achievements. It has been sixty years since the project was conceived, and two generations that waited for its fulfilment have passed to the silent shores beyond, and the third is now striving manfully, in its day, to complete the gigantic plan. It is in this mountain region that the last of the abo-

rigines of this continent, east of the Mississippi, have clung to their native homes. It is here that the ancient and warlike Cherokees, now only a small remnant, still kindle the fires of their wigwams on the ancient spots, where for unknown centuries their ancestors lived and ruled. It is pitiful to look into their sad, silent faces, which rarely light with a smile, and read the destructive destiny which advances upon them. The passengers may see, in a lovely valley, a pretty church, twenty-eight by forty feet, with neat little spire, all of which was made from the lumber of a *single poplar tree*.

In Macon County the richest corundum mines of the world are found, and nearly all of this article used in the United States is exported from these mines. This mineral is found sometimes in crystals, cube-shaped, half inch in diameter, but the most of the corundum of commerce is found in very small crystals called corundum sand. It is next in hardness to the diamond, and is used to cut that stone, and for a variety of abrasive and polishing purposes.

If the heart of the reader who has traversed this sublime mountain region, has not swelled with bigger emotions, and his mind expanded with greater thoughts, and his body become strengthened and invigorated, then, indeed, nothing that is great and wonderful, that is high and mighty, that is pure and salubrious and healthful, can impress him. A soul which is not inspired by a sight of the lofty mountains which God has exerted His mighty power to create, is too dead for a living world, too dark and sullen for the confidence of man.

THEY pass me like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them like their shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago ;
They trample on their youth and faith and love,
They cast their hope of human-kind away,
With heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered—and their spirits turned to clay.
Lo ! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
“ We only truly live ”—but ye are dead ;
Alas ! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face.

JAMAICA AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. MANLY.

JAMAICA is deserving of attention on many grounds. Though a speck on the map, it is the queen of the British Antilles; and in fertility of soil, riches of productions, variety and salubrity of hill-climate, magnificence of scenery, and convenience of geographical position, yields to few of the islands that stud and gem the globe. When Central America is canalised for shipping, and the Caribbean Sea becomes the highway of the world, what benefits must such an island as Jamaica at once receive and confer! With plains so fertile, with hills and mountains so noble and fruitful, with ample shelter throughout its coast for shipping, with English language, laws, and institutions, and, above all, with the light and power and purity of the Christian religion,

Jamaica cannot sink. She will doubtless emerge from the shadows of adversity, to combine secular prosperity with political liberty and Christian truth and life.

Who that has seen this noble island and lived in it can disregard or forget it? Many years have rolled away since we saw its glorious chain of hills recede from our vision, and still more have gone since we caught the first glimpse of its proud appearance; and though we may never have the pleasure of



VIEW FROM THE OLD ROCK FORT, JAMAICA.

seeing it again, we love to remember it, and must ever desire its peace and prosperity. We have inhaled its gentle morning breezes, cool and balmy as the airs of Eden; we have listened to the murmurs and followed the windings and marked the precipitations of its beautiful streams; we have feasted our eyes on the living verdure and graceful forms of its palms and canes: we have climbed its successive elevations, and thence looked down on such groupings and distributions of nature as we had nowhere else beheld. We have proved the hospitality, courtesy and kindness of its people; and must ever cherish its image and rejoice in its welfare.

Jamaica is about 150 miles long and 50 broad, and consists chiefly of hills and mountains, running through the whole length, from east to west, in an unbroken chain, which towers to the greatest altitude in the eastern end, forming the celebrated Blue Mountains, whose peak is 8,000 feet above the sea; then dips towards the centre of the island, shoots up again in the Bullhead Peak, and sinks again, but never meanly, towards the western extremity. These mountains decline towards the sea; on the north side more gently and beautifully; on the south side, with greater boldness and abruptness, and sometimes in the form of huge spurs. The chief plains are on the southern side; the largest is Liguanea, on which the city of Kingston is built. There are several rivers, of which Black River is the deepest and gentlest. The chief harbours are five, besides several bays, roads and shipping stations. The largest town is Kingston, which is now both the political and commercial capital, containing about 40,000 inhabitants. Its spacious harbour is well protected by a narrow neck of land (as Toronto was till lately) called the Palisades, whose terminus forms the site and harbour of the town of Port Royal, at the entrance of the Kingston harbour, as if the western end of the island of Toronto were the site of a naval station. The population of the whole island is under half a million, and is increasing both in its gross amount and in the ratio of white to black, which at present is about one to ten.

The heat of Jamaica is greatly tempered by the sea breeze, sometimes called "the doctor," which sets in strongly about ten in the forenoon, and also by the land breeze, which comes down from the mountains about ten at night. The former especially

renders the climate less sultry than that of the same continental latitudes, or even of much more northerly latitudes in summer. Far up on the hills, and in the sun at mid-day, I have been glad to button up a cloth coat ; but in the plains, at the same time, it is tropical summer. There is every variety of climate above frost and snow in some part of the island ; but these are nowhere known. With such care and prudence as are requisite



CATHEDRAL, SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA.

in all countries, the climate of Jamaica, especially of the uplands, is decidedly fine and healthy ; but the marshy low lands are unquestionably insalubrious. For invalids, Jamaica is, on many accounts, preferable to Madeira. Many deaths of Europeans in Jamaica have arisen from intemperance and recklessness, instead of the climate ; and many re-invigorations, on returning hence, are more attributable to the voyage and to simple change and rest than to the climate of Europe.

One of the greatest luxuries in the low lands is an early morning drive. Setting off before sunrise, one feels the air deliciously cool and balmy. Travelling is

done in Jamaica at all hours ; but the knowing ones, who study the welfare of themselves and their horses, and journey at their own option, rest during the noontide heats, especially in the low lands, and travel in the cool of the morning and afternoon. The interval between sunset and dark is very short, quite unlike the slow decline and long gloaming of an Old Country day : and as the sun begins to disappear the heavy dews begin to fall, which prudent people, especially the delicate, avoid. But at

midnight the fall of the dew has ceased, and then travelling may be commenced at any hour with safety. As the morning light prevails, the foliage appears wet with dew, in large beads, as if heavy rain had fallen; but long before the usual hour of breakfast, every trace of dew disappears, under the glowing heat of the ascending sun.

The chief produce of the low lands is sugar, and of the mountains coffee. The vegetation of the island is singularly rich and luxuriant. Dr. Macfadyen, of Kingston, ascertained and assorted no less than 598 botanical species, in the plain of

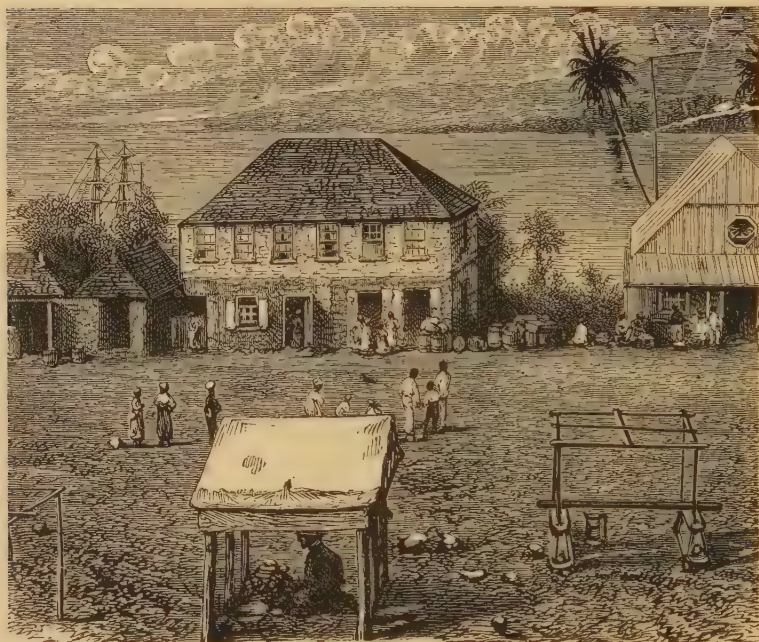
Liguanea alone. Some sort of sugar cane appears to have been indigenous to Jamaica, but under English rule the Bourbon cane and the Guinea-grass have been introduced,—the latter by a singular accident. A cage of African birds had been presented to Chief Justice Ellis, of Jamaica, and with them was sent a small bag of their native food, the wild-grass seed of the coast of Guinea. The birds died; the seeds, carelessly thrown out, quickly grew and spread; and the eagerness of the cattle to reach the grass called attention to what has since become one of the island's most valuable productions, growing in luxuriant clusters, and



CATHEDRAL, INTERIOR.

clothing the country from coast to hilltop. Cocoa was the favourite staple of the Spaniards in Jamaica, and at first of the English, and is also indigenous. The cocoa bean, found in large pods, that makes the beverage (chocolate) that Linnaeus loved so well and called "*Theobroma*," the food of the gods, must always be distinguished from the large and well-known coconut, and from the esculent cocoa-root, which, roasted or boiled like the potato, is the chief vegetable diet, called "bread-kind," of the labouring classes of Jamaica. Ginger is easily grown, but exhausts the soil. The indigo plant once greatly flourished in the English settlements. Pimento or allspice, sometimes

called Jamaica pepper, is perhaps the island's most distinctive produce, and grows on a handsome tree in the uplands and hills. What sugar can compare with the best of Jamaica, in granulation, saccharine matter and flavour? Mocha cannot equal the best Port Royal coffee, which fetches the highest price in the English markets. The island also produces maize, the date, cocoa-nut, sago-palm, cabbage-palm, palma Christi or castor oil, bitter wood, sassafras, cinnamon, Barbadoes aloes, croton



MARKET PLACE IN JAMAICA.

Eleuthera, tobacco, cassava, useful for cakes and starch, limes, lemons, citron and orange, Avocado pear, neesberry, Tahiti gooseberry, etc., etc.

Jamaica contains a great variety of wood, for the manufacture of beautiful furniture, and for the construction or completion of buildings, though probably as yet only partly known. Besides its well-known mahogany, now scarce, there are cedar, yacca, mahoe, ebony, wild orange, yellow sanders, bully tree, lignum vitæ, brazaletta, maiden plum, mountain guava, and several others. The cotton tree excels every other in size and

grandeur, rising and spreading in its enormous trunk and majestic branches like the lord of the forest. At a considerable elevation ferns begin to abound, and in the higher mountains become trees. The varieties are very great, and many of them are exceedingly delicate and beautiful. Parasitical plants abound everywhere, except in the cool climates of the greatest heights; and if allowed to grow, intertwine and cover everything.

Justice cannot be done Jamaica without a word or two on its esculent vegetation. The yam, now widely known, needs neither description nor eulogy. Even an Irishman would utterly forget the potato in his enjoyment of the white and Indian yam. The enormous leaves and beautiful clusters of the plantain and banana greatly heighten the picturesque appearance of the field and garden. The bread-fruit is remarkably handsome and very productive. The beautiful cabbage palm, growing in the mountains to the height of 150 feet and upwards, forms at its summit a leafy heart, which our own cauliflower cannot equal; but to obtain the precious morsel, the stately and ornamental tree must be ruthlessly felled. For the invalid and thirsty traveller, no beverage can surpass the young cocoa-nut water; and the jelly of the young cocoa-nut is one of the most grateful and delicate of all fruits. The pine-apple, the neesberry, the star-apple, the grenadillo, the guava, the mango, the custard apple, the citron, the orange, the pomegranate, the Tahiti apple, the melon, the tamarind, the papaw, the cashew and many others are found to afford great variety and fineness of flavour. There is scarcely any European fruit or vegetable but may be cultivated at some elevation. Very fine mutton and beef may be had on the mountains; poultry and young birds abound; and from the fresh water and the sea very excellent and varied fish is obtained.

The last really harmful earthquake in Jamaica was in 1812; but the earthquake that destroyed the town of Port Royal, with 3,000 of its inhabitants, in 1692, deserves particular notice.

"About mid-day, a mysterious roar was heard in the distant mountains. The wharves, laden with spoils, instantaneously sank; and the waters stood five fathoms deep, where a moment before, the crowded streets had displayed the glittering treasures of Mexico and Peru. The harbour appeared in motion, as if agitated by a storm, although no air was stirring; mighty

billows rose and fell with such unaccountable violence that many ships broke from their cables, and the *Swan* frigate was forced over the tops of the sunken houses. This afforded a providential refuge for many of the drowning sufferers. Of the whole town, perhaps the richest spot in the world [and probably one of the wickedest], no more was left than the fort and about two hundred houses. The council had been held there that evening, and had but a few minutes adjourned. The president of the council was lost; and the rector escaped, to give a curious account, in which he says: 'I made towards Morgan's fort, because being a wide open place, I thought to be there securest from the falling houses; but as I was going, I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. The whole harbour, one of the fairest and goodliest, was covered with dead bodies floating up and down.'



FORT CHARLOTTE, WEST INDIES.

Nothing is more striking, in very dry seasons, than the contrast between the parched and dry low lands, and the verdant, woody, and grass-clad hills. In the plains, the traveller becomes wearied and exhausted from the intense heat of a cloudless tropical sky; but as he winds his upward way among the interlacing hills, and in the shade of bamboo clusters and over-arching trees, he feels as if suddenly transferred to another land and inspired with new life.

But the low lands themselves exhibit strange scenic contrasts. When protracted drought appears to have nearly annihilated vegetation, let us suppose that a rainy season, May or October, sets in. Now we have gathering clouds, livid lightning, and pealing or crashing thunder, as if the world's storm forces were concentrated in Jamaica; night and day, for several days in succession, the waters come down in sheets or as if emptied from innumerable buckets; the streets become deep and rapid streams; the rivers overflow their banks and sweep away cottages and bridges; and then again, the rains suddenly cease, the sun shines out with unclouded light and intense heat, vegetation revives with great rapidity and vigour, and tracts of land, that erewhile seemed nothing but clay and dust, become green and gay with luxuriant grass and bright yellow flowers.

The chief agricultural produce of the plains is the sugar-cane; and those estates that lie close to the hills, and climb their gentlest acclivities so as to catch the mountain rain, are often flourishing and remunerative, while other sugar estates are parched and languishing. The value of sugar estates depends on situation and soil, and on facilities for the cheap and speedy shipment of sugar and rum, such as good roads and contiguous harbours. The main low land roads are good, but many of the mountain roads are little better than goat-tracks.

The mountains of Jamaica are fitting scenes for poetry and song. The man of feeling and intelligence, as he traverses them, sees nature under a thousand varied aspects. Sometimes rivers or river-beds are crossed with frequency or followed for miles; sometimes eminences are climbed by zig-zag roads, or by bridle-paths that circle the hills, with frowning elevations on the one hand and yawning abysses on the other; now the road passes or traverses a negro village and now intersects a coffee field; crowning a hill-top or close to a river-course appear the several barbecues for drying coffee, smoothly plastered, surmounting one another, terrace-like, or succeeding one another along the level surface, with little sheds into which the coffee is speedily gathered on the approach of rain; and close to these are the buildings for pulping, grinding, fanning, picking and storing coffee, together with the dwelling of the proprietor or overseer. Here you may contemplate the loves of the clouds and the mountains, and the abundant progeny of rains and rills and

ivers; now the sun pours his "light and heat refulgent" on hill and dale, and the glare oppresses the eye,—and now the heavens gather blackness, the lightning (sheet, chain, or forked) flashes on the skyey darkness, the discharges of "heaven's artillery" reverberate among the hills, and the hapless traveller is drenched by such torrents as render English rains, in comparison, nothing but dew and mist.



LUCCA, JAMAICA.

We must never forget that the people make the place. Many of the best families of the United Kingdom contributed of old to Jamaica's cultured and ruling race, and made slavery there, on the whole, much less cruel and calamitous than in many other slave-lands; and this refinement lingers, though not so much renewed from its source as formerly.

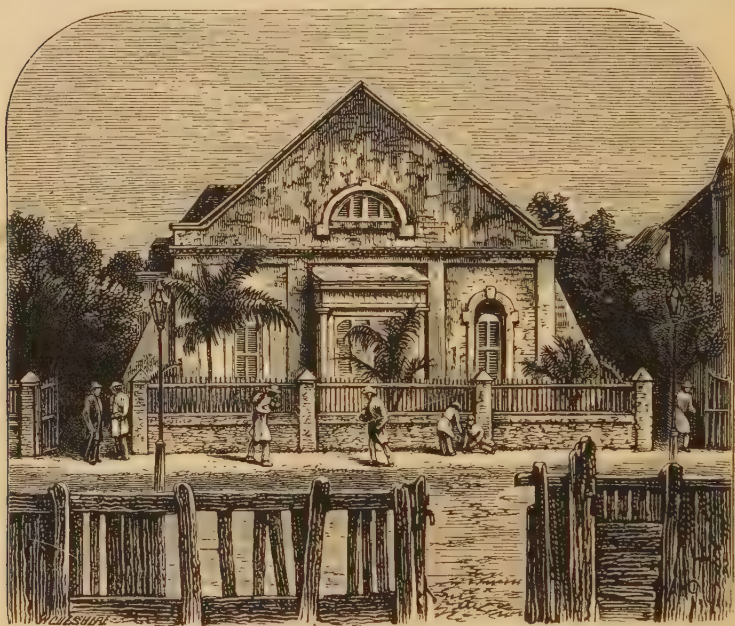
The slaves in all our West Indian colonies were so well prepared for freedom, by faithful Christian missions, that when the hour of liberty struck, there was no outbreak or violence. The apprenticeship system in Jamaica, as a method of transition to full freedom, did not work well and had to be abridged. The proprietary classes or their agents made many mistakes in

working out the institutions of common and equal freedom. It is difficult, or rather perhaps impossible, for slaveholders, suddenly converted by emancipation into mere political equals, thoroughly to accept at once the new state of things. It was not without reason that the Imperial authorities made Jamaica a crown colony, and substituted a sort of paternal government for the freedom of self-rule. How long the suspension of representative institutions will be found necessary, it is impossible to say; it cannot be perpetual; but as a temporary measure, it has worked well, and turned discord and financial embarrassment into concord, improvement, and a financial surplus. For this, great praise is doubtless due to the skilful and experienced hands that have mainly guided the island's affairs. We trust the present brightness is no transient gleam, and that so noble a country will continue to flourish, under the ægis of Great Britain and by the truth of the Gospel.

The history of Jamaica, as of all the West Indies, beginning with the European discovery, comprises two great eras—slavery and freedom. As soon as the terrible tyranny of Europe had exterminated the aboriginal red race, it imported the black race of the “Mother of Mourners,” for similar bondage. America and Africa, in swift succession, groaned and bled under the white man's heel. But Europe's own tardy reformation brought remedy and redress at length to the slaves of the West. The Anglo-Saxon race, first in mother England and then in daughter Columbia, enlightened and renovated by a free vernacular Bible, has proclaimed liberty to the captives, in the islands of the sea and over the continent of the North; and it is on the rock of Righteousness, and not on the shifting sands of a debatable success, that the great cause of emancipation must be based. Ignorant, small-souled, and unprincipled men sometimes sneeringly ask whether the emancipation of the slaves has proved successful. Successful! Is it successful to stop lying, to cease stealing, to forbear murdering, to renounce human cruelty and feculence? Not the success of emancipation but its righteousness is the question. “If the heavens should perish, let justice be done.”

But emancipation is successful, freedom is expedient, righteousness is profitable. A small minority of slaveholders may have suffered heavy loss by emancipation (the loss of the wages

of unrighteousness); and the symbols of their slave-holding, such as handsome houses, tasteful gardens, fine equipages, costly living and social show, may have disappeared or declined; but the vast majority of the human beings, the great multitude of souls, have been *liberated*. A land of tyranny has become a land of freedom; the sound of the whip and the chain has ceased; thousands upon thousands that lived like "the horse or the mule" have attained understanding and freedom; property has become proprietor; tools and chattels are trans-



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, PORT AU PRINCE, JAMAICA.

formed into self-ruling men and women; "God's image in ebony" has come forth from the house of bondage; "the vilest slavery that ever saw the sun" is a thing of the past; and the glorious Gospel of the grace of God has now free scope to illuminate, hallow, and civilize the souls for whom the Saviour died.

The Gospel saved and civilized the slaves, and prepared them for freedom. It first made them right with God, and then made them right with their fellow-men. The precedence of this noble work belonged to the Moravians, but the greater bulk of

it is justly claimed by the Wesleyan Methodists and the Baptists. The Presbyterians came later into the field, yet to do good service; so did the Congregationalists; and the Episcopalians have been provoked to jealousy and to proper care for the quondam slaves. Adverse winds drove Dr. Coke and his band of missionaries from their chosen track and gave them to the high emprise of saving and civilizing our West Indian slaves. Their course, as also that of the Baptists, is marked by the suffering of persecution, by patient and unflinching fidelity, and in due time by glorious triumph.

Jamaica, as the queen of the British Antilles, with the West Indies generally, and Central and Southern America, forms an ample and attractive market for the surplus produce of Canada. Take Jamaica as an instance, with its capital, Kingston, of 40,000 persons, its various other towns, and its total population of about 500,000. It has the finest variety of timber for furniture, but no pine; and is in constant need not only of our lumber, but of flour, butter, pork, cheese, etc. There is a growing demand for books and periodicals. What is to hinder Canada from sending its agricultural produce and manufacturers to the Southern markets, both insular and continental, instead of depending on uncertain and unfriendly markets? Why do we not open an extensive and lucrative trade with our West Indian fellow-colonists? Why should our produce reach them indirectly through the United States, and not by the enterprise and energy of our own sea-going vessels? Why do we not exchange our lumber and bread-stuffs for their capital sugar, coffee, pimento, etc.? It needs but some energy and effort to form a company for this purpose, and to open ample and unfailing markets for all that we can raise or make. For Canadian invalids, who seek a southern winter, there can be no better place than Jamaica. From the sea-coast to the mountain-residences, there is every variety of climate above frost and snow; and there is every variety of society, without the barriers of a strange tongue and foreign laws and institutions. Is the vastness of our Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so engrossing and satisfying as to make us heedless of such a commerce and conjunction as our colonial neighbourhood affords? Let us enter upon right relationships with our West Indian brethren; and we need never be impoverished by the adverse

tariff of a neighbour or the want of a market for our wares and productions; we need never be embarrassed by the glut of an adjacent panic and the decline of prices, and we need never be without a congenial neighbour and brother in the time of trouble.*

“THE SON OF MAN COMETH.”

HE will come, perhaps, at morning,
 When to simply live is sweet,
 When the arm is strong, unwearied
 By the noonday toil and heat;
 When the undimmed eye looks tearless
 Up the shining heights of life,
 And the eager soul is panting,
 Yearning for some noble strife.

He will come, perhaps, at noontide,
 When the pulse of life throbs high,
 When the fruits of toil are ripening,
 And the harvest time is nigh;
 Then, through all the full-orbed splendour
 Of the sun's meridian blaze,
 There may shine the strange, new beauty
 Of the Lord's transfigured face.

Or it may be in the evening,
 Gray and sombre is the sky,
 Clouds around the sunset gather,
 Far and dark the shadows lie.
 When we long for rest and slumber,
 And some tender thoughts of home
 Fill the heart with vague, sad yearning,
 Then perhaps the Lord will come.

If He only finds us ready
 In the morning's happy light,
 In the strong and fiery noontide
 Or the coming of the night;
 If He only finds us waiting,
 Listening for His sudden call,
 Then His coming when we think not
 Is the sweetest hope of all.

—*New York Observer.*

* Would not the comprehension of the British West Indies, as well as the Bermudas, within the jurisdiction of the Canadian Methodist Church be eminently feasible, and contribute probably to their ultimate inclusion in the Dominion?—ED.

JOHN MILTON.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, B.D.



JOHN MILTON.

"THE childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day," and no life, perhaps, ever dawned with fairer promise of a great career than Milton's. Descended from a sturdy yeoman family in Oxfordshire, he was born in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. His father, John Milton, had given early evidence of independence of thought and true manliness of character, had abandoned the ancestral Roman Catholic Church, and, though disinherited and cast out, had acquired, as a London scrivener, a "plentiful fortune." The home was one

of culture and good taste, especially in music, and the future poet had every advantage in education which attendance at St. Paul's School and the services of a private tutor could afford. A passion for learning and the severest application to his studies marked his early boyhood. At sixteen he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, and there he resided for seven years, 1625—1632. His great force of character appeared not only in the diligence with which he worked, but also in the stand which he took against the mechanical system of college exercises—a system which chafed a spirit searching for truth and impatient of commonplace. But though sufficiently insubordinate to bring upon himself college discipline, Milton was at college, as all through his life, pure amid impurity, "the lady of Christ's," as his less scrupulous fellow-students called him, an example to the world of that sweet chastity whose high praises he afterwards so gloriously sung in the immortal strains of *Comus*:—

“ So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried Angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt ;
 And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.”

His native force of character appeared also in the quiet decision with which he turned from that career in the Church of England for which he had been intended, but upon which



CAMBRIDGE CLOSE.

his gradually developing Puritan principles forbade him to enter, resolved that it was “better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing.” So, without profession or occupation, he retired in 1632 from Cambridge to the quiet woods and meadows and streams about his father’s new country home at Horton, there to nurture his mind with the great thoughts

of the great literatures of the world and to cherish his great purpose of epic poetry.

At Cambridge he had already assumed “his garland and singing robes” as poet, and in his *Latin Poems*, and his hymn *On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity*, he had produced a grand prelude to the grander poetry of his maturer years. The Latin poems, even those composed at college, are infinitely removed from the mere technical skill of ordinary college verses, and breathe true feeling. The hymn *On the Nativity* is characterized by a solemn grandeur and an exquisite felicity of expression which are prodigious in a youth of twenty-one, and which fill the minds of readers with a holy reverence, befitting the contemplations of the

“ Son of Heaven’s Eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,”

who came

“That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.”

How beautiful the description of that night “when all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright,” when “the meek-eyed Peace” came softly down to earth,

“And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land,”

that night—

“When birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave,”

that night when—

“No war, or battle’s sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.”

At every Christmas we do well to read and ponder this sublime poem, that its majestic thoughts and exquisite phraseology may help to raise our souls to the reverent and exultant contemplation of the Heavenly Babe.

In the quiet retirement of Horton came years of further study and preparation—years themselves not barren of rich fruit of English poetry—years in which Milton was sowing in his own mind the seed of the yet richer harvest of his later life—years in which, in his own language, he was “pluming his



MILTON'S HOUSE, AT HORTON.

wings for a flight”—years in which he was yielding, more and more definitely and consciously, to use his own words, to a certain “inward prompting which now grew daily upon me,

that by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die."

The poems of this Horton period are *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*, considered minor poems only because the transcendent glory of *Paradise Lost* has eclipsed them, but really in themselves worthy to be named among the world's immortal songs, and shining with a certain gleam of youthful joyousness and spontaneity and frolic, which disappeared amid the mortal struggle of the patriot's middle life and the dark shadows which fell upon the old age of the poet of defeated Puritanism. Sweet and refreshing are the musical strains of *L'Allegro*—

"Which ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal Verse ;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Then we turn from the praises of "heart-easing Mirth," and

"Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,"

and cry with *Il Penseroso*,

"Hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy !

Come ! but keep thy wonted state
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commérching with the skies ;"

and in her sober company we listen to the sweet sad song of Philomel ; we

"Behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon ;"

we see

. . . "gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine ;"

we

"Walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

In *Comus* we have language whose exactness and self-restraint and beauty are those of a Greek temple, we have virtue enshrined and worshipped, and, listening to the rapt strains of that pure service, we are constrained to cry with the Second Brother in the poem—

"How charming is divine Philosophy."

In *Lycidas* we have not only an exquisite elegy, tender with regret for one who

. "knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme ;"

not only flowers of poesy, which bloom with an unfading grace

"To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies ;"

but we have an element of deep religious and patriotic feeling which breaks out in stern invective against those false shepherds who basely, for their own selfish ends,

"Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold,"

and under whose ministrations

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,"

an element which preludes the sullen roar of revolutionary cannon, the execution of King Charles, and all the strength and stern justice and godly zeal of that struggling and triumphant and then defeated Puritanism, which, in spite of its ruinous defeat, has lived on, both in the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches, and in our own Methodism, and under other doc-

trinal systems, but with the same ethical earnestness has made our modern English race on every continent what it is to-day.

In the process of Milton's long education for his great life-work of epic poetry, his travels in Italy played no inconsiderable part, making him acquainted with the learned men of the beautiful land of Virgil and of Dante, and above all with "the Tuscan artist" Galileo, and firing his imagination with the sight of the charming scenes of many of the ancient world's greatest events. But a foreign tour of one year and three months (1638-1639), which, under other circumstances, might have been extended much farther, was cut short by the state of affairs in England. The crisis had come, and Milton felt



MILTON'S HOUSE, BIRD CAGE
WALK, LONDON.

that every true man must take sides, and he unhesitatingly took sides with Parliament and freedom. He came back from Italy to England, "for," says he, "I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." He said good-bye for the time—and the time lengthened out to twenty years—to poetry and all those literary studies which were inestimably dear to him. He plunged into the midst of the fight for liberty, issued pamphlet after pamphlet

asserting Puritan principles both in Church and State, and served laboriously for ten years as Latin Secretary of the Council. What higher exhibition of true patriotism has the world ever seen than that which Milton gave? And he had his reward. For though the struggle was an agony, and issued for him in darkness and desolation, out of the struggle has come to us the glorious literature of freedom which is contained in Milton's numerous prose works, and out of the sorrow and gloom has come that peculiar pathetic grandeur which makes *Paradise Lost* one of the world's greatest poems.

It is sometimes sad to hear the great poet descend to the undignified personalities of bitter partisan debate in his con-

troversial works, but after all he has in them left us a priceless legacy of truest thoughts in noblest form, great truths and powerful arguments of secular and religious liberty set like so many gems in the richest and most magnificent forms of expression that adorn the prose literature of England. He who would sound the possibilities of English to their depths must revel in the prose as well as poetry of Milton.

For twenty years (1639-1659) this political career of Milton's extended. The rage of conflict without was matched by the misery of domestic disagreement within. The cavalier bride soon fled from the austerity of a home in which "plain living and high thinking" was the rule; after two years returned, and died seven years later (1652). A second wife died after less than two years' married life (1658). The poet's three motherless daughters not unnaturally revolted against the hard routine of the tasks which he, absorbed in the contemplation of his great themes, imposed upon them as readers and amanuenses, and showed him anything but affection. The severity of his labours cost him his eyesight. And, deepest woe of all, at last the cause to whose success he had so ardently devoted himself, and for whose sake he had suffered the loss of so much, fell in hopeless ruin; a reaction of royalty and clericalism and licentiousness swept away the labours of England's greatest patriots; ungodliness came in as with a flood; and the Puritan poet, for a short time under arrest, and reduced by the Restoration to comparative poverty, might well say of himself,

. . . "though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude."

Yet in nothing does the high, heroic soul of Milton so grandly manifest itself as in the attitude with which he met all his accumulated misfortunes, stooping in patient resignation to the will of Heaven, and yet triumphing by his constancy of faith over the very troubles to which he was resigned.

Witness his Sonnet XXII.—

"Cyriac, this day three years these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
 The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

So in awful loneliness, but in sublime independence, Milton, unbroken by all misfortune, turns from the actual world about him, full of baseness, insincerity and vice, to an ideal world



ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

made real by his lofty imagination and his Christian faith ; an outcast from earthly courts, pays all his homage at the court of Heaven ; and, forgotten amid the rout and riot of an evil age, settles quietly down to the completion of his life purpose — a great epic poem. In 1663 he married his third wife, who survived him. In 1667 *Paradise Lost* was published, in 1670 *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, and on November 8th,

1674, the brave soul, cheerful and singing even to the last, in the agonies of gout, "heroically finished a life heroic."

All the current of Milton's life had set toward epic poetry ; all his multiform learning, his early poems, his travels, his arduous toil in liberty's defence, his blindness, the ruin of the cause he loved, the desolation of his old age, all directly or indirectly helped to qualify him for his high enterprise. His mind had turned at first to the story of King Arthur and his Table Round. But that subject was reserved for our present Poet Laureate. We have evidence that as early as 1641 Milton's mind had fastened upon the Fall of Man as the subject of his poem, and had conceived the main ideas of *Paradise Lost*, which is thus to be regarded, not merely as the production of his old age, but of his whole life.

It was but natural that such a man in such an age—the poet of Puritanism—should choose a Biblical subject, a subject whose characters and events were real to the faith of his readers and would be made real to their imagination by his art. The spirit of reverence and dependence upon divine aid in which Milton devoted himself to his stupendous task to pursue “things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,” and to

. . . . “assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men,”

may well be judged from his own memorable estimate of his undertaking, “as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases; to this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous acts and affairs.”*

It is not wonderful that so regal an intellect and so powerful an imagination as that of Milton's, working upon so sublime a theme, bringing to the task immense stores of learning, and consciously inspired of God to write for the honour of His Name, should have composed a poem whose thoughts “wander through eternity,” whose periods roll grandly like the sea upon the shore, whose forms of conception and modes of expression have dominated English thought on the Creation and the Fall—a poem worthy to take and keep its place among the few world-epics “that were not born to die.”

“The secrets of the abyss to spy,
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time;
The living throne and sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.”

As in his prose works, so in his great epic poem, there is the impression of a boundless power restrained by the severest

* *Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.*

taste. Into his matchless style all learning has been worked, so that each allusion recalls to the scholar a world of mythological, mediæval, or Scriptural lore. His words have a rare power of suggestiveness; they are echoes of Homer and Virgil, and all the best poetry of the ages before Milton; their full beauty blooms only for the ripe scholar, but the careful and loving study of them will lead any intelligent reader into fascinating fields of philology and literature, and will furnish him with rich and splendid reminiscences to be to him "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Let him who would kindle his imagination and cultivate his taste dwell often and dwell long on the sublimities and beauties of *Paradise Lost*. Let him shudder at the sight of that gulf into which the rebel angels were

"Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,"

where shone

"No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all."

Let him stand and listen in amazement to the Titanic and unbroken pride of Satan addressing the companions of his perdition:

. . . "What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,"

and boldly proclaiming the consummation of all sin in the sentiment, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." Let him view with pleasure the sweet groves and verdant banks and nuptial joys of Eden,

"As hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve"

Let him weep at the heavy change, "Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill," which wily temptation and weak compliance wrought so soon in man, whom God created

"Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall ;"

and then let him bow in the Divine presence among the multitudes of angels shouting their loud hosannas, as

.
"Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold,"

while the Heavenly Father lays our human cause upon His Eternal Son, and gives the glorious promise that out of the ashes of this old world of sin and sorrow there shall spring

"New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds."

Although *Paradise Regained* lacks the grandeur of *Paradise Lost*, yet its chaste simplicity of style befits the story of the trial and triumph of the Second Adam; its eulogies of true wisdom, power and glory are majestic, and its descriptions of Rome and Athens place those great cities before us in all the magnificence of their power and pride.

.
"Behold,
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly ; pure the air, and light the soil ;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable."

In *Samson Agonistes*, probably Milton's latest poem, we have an English drama on the Greek model, lacking the literary power of the two greater poems just named, but possessing a pathetic interest as revealing in the attitude of Samson to his misfortunes that of the poet to his own calamities. Desolate, hopeless, and blind, mourning his miseries, yet unsubdued and clinging to his faith in God, we see the dying Samson slaying more of his enemies in his death than in his life; and we see the poor blind Milton winning for his ruined cause this vindication and this triumph—that the modern descendant of the Cavalier as well as of the Roundhead reads the works and cherishes the fame of the poet of the Puritans.

Milton's career is one of the noblest that God's sun ever shone upon—pure as a maiden, consecrated to the highest ends, con-

stant to his purpose, yet subordinating all his own preferences to the call of public duty, unchanged by the changes of affairs, seeking honour only from the all-judging mind of God, and living all through

“As ever in his great Task-master’s eye.”

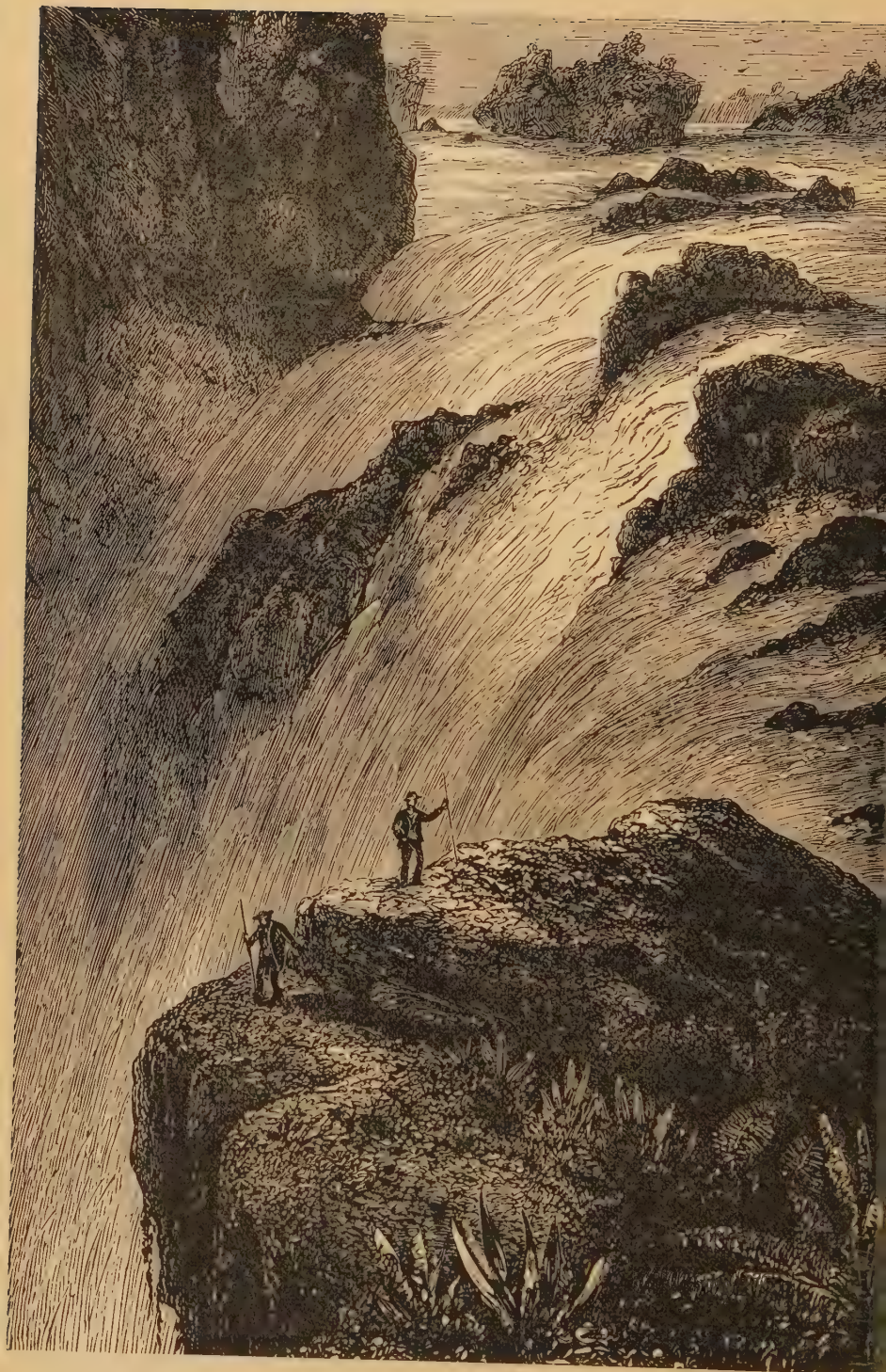
John Bright is perhaps not far astray when he accounts John Milton the noblest man of history, because so great both as a poet and as a patriot.

To Milton may we, in view of all, most justly apply the words of his own great poem :—

“Servant of God, well done ; well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence ; for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse.”

The appreciation of Milton can come through no casual reading in hours of summer recreation. He must be studied with minute care, with frequent re-reading and profound meditation. As when he wrote his immortal works his eyes were closed to the distractions of the outer world, so must the reader study him with all concentration of attention and abstraction of thought, until that world of great ideas become to him the real world, and once for all his taste be elevated and sublimed. Here is better food to nourish our minds than the ponderous pages of the quarterly or the light recreation of the novel. Here is grand truth, perfect style, almost divine inspiration, to enrich our minds and ennoble our spirits.

“Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour.
. We are selfish men ;
O, raise us up ! return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
So didst thou travel on life’s common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”



THE GRAND CASCADE, RIO DE JANEIRO.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

PROBABLY no place on earth is more inappropriately named than Rio de Janeiro. There is a tradition that an early Portuguese navigator, when exploring the coast of Brazil, entered this bay in the month of January. From the great size of the bay, which extends inland seventeen miles, and has an extreme breadth of twelve miles, he supposed that he had discovered another river similar to the Amazon and Orinoco, and he forthwith named it Rio de Janeiro, which in English means River of January. Whether this is in reality the origin of this misnomer or not, it remains applied to province, city, and bay. To northern ears the sound is cold. Our rivers in January are not inviting except to venturesome skaters, but January and June are the same upon the placid waters of Rio Bay. Perpetual summer smiles upon its verdant islands, and no icy winds blow from the heights which surround it. Our engraving shows one of the cascades on the upper waters of this river.

The Bay of Rio de Janeiro enjoys the distinction of being the most magnificent harbour in the world. The Bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople, and Sydney Cove, the pride of Australia, are all described as beautiful beyond imagination; but travellers assert that each and all must yield the palm to the land-locked and mountain-girt Bay of Rio. To understand this surpassing loveliness, one's eyes must rest upon it; but that pleasure being denied us, let us read what has been written by one more favoured than ourselves. A traveller tells us that the "First entrance of anyone to the Bay of Rio de Janeiro forms an era in his existence. Even the dullest observer must ever afterwards cherish sublimer views of the manifold beauty and majesty of the works of the Creator. The most rude and ignorant Russian sailor, the immoral and unreflecting gold-seeker and adventurer, as well as the cultivated and refined European gentleman, stands silent upon the deck of the incoming vessel, lost in admiration at the gigantic avenue of mountains and palm-covered isles which form a fitting colonnade to the portal of the finest bay in the world."

We read much of late years about Brazil and its good

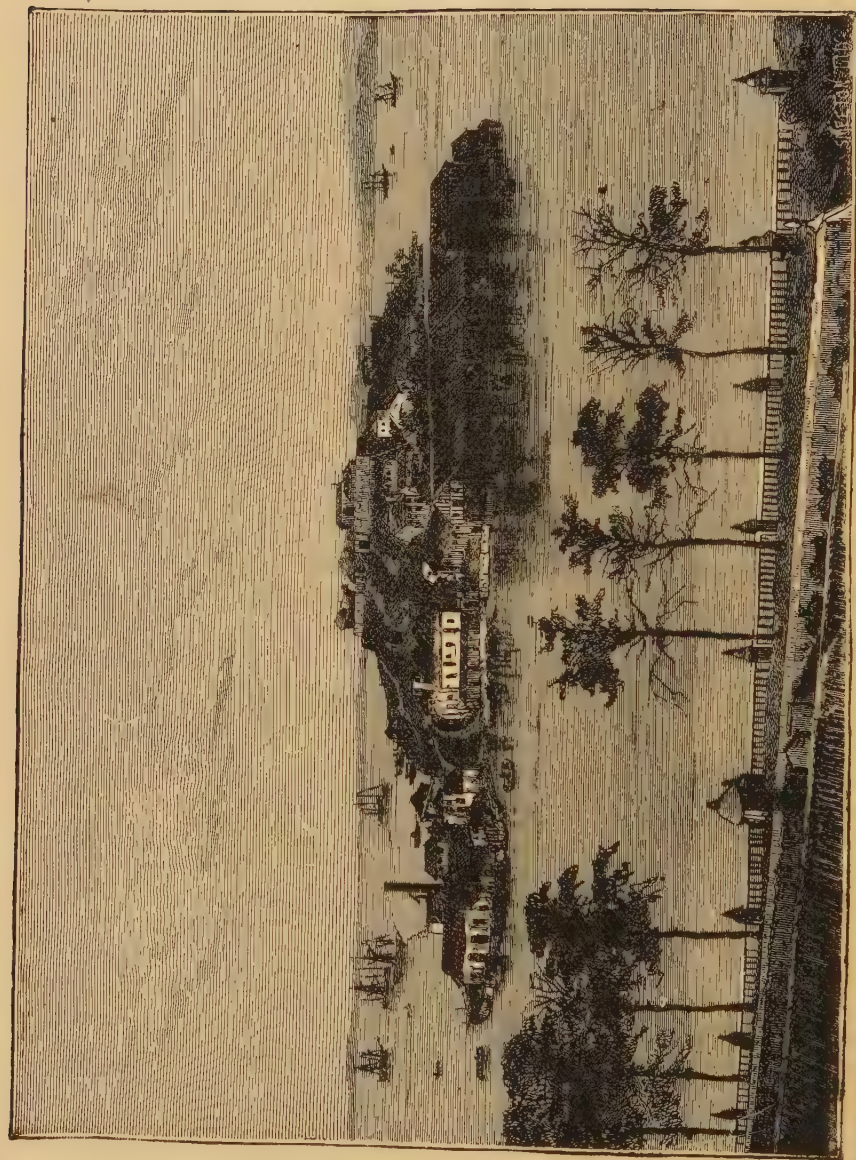
Emperor Dom Pedro II. He is a monarch much loved and respected by his subjects, apparently desirous of what he considers their highest well-being. His long reign has been one of prosperity; he was only six years of age when he was proclaimed sovereign of the empire, and only fifteen when he was invested with all the prerogatives of his imperial throne, but his mind had been matured by deep study, and he was by no means a boy emperor. He could at an early age converse in all of the principal languages of Europe.

During his long reign, great improvements have been carried on both in the capital city and throughout the empire. Recent despatches report that the Government has now adopted a programme for the abolition of slavery. The slave-holders will be required to make a list of their slaves and of their value, and they will be reimbursed by the proceeds of a general tax.

It is interesting to read of the gradual development and advancement of this great empire, but perhaps in a short article, which must needs be superficial, we gain a better insight of the life and manners of a country by noticing a few of the peculiar features of its principal city.

The first impressions of the traveller on entering the city of Rio de Janeiro are favourable. The appearance of its stately fortresses and marble quays is in keeping with its natural beauty. But on closer inspection of the old town nearest the bay, much of the enchantment is lost. The streets are very narrow; so narrow, indeed, that carriages cannot pass each other. A curious arrangement makes up for this deficiency; at each corner a great hand is painted, the index finger showing the only direction in which a vehicle may enter the street. One has often to drive three sides of a long block to reach a point a few yards distant up a narrow street.

In the new town the principal streets, however, are very handsome and the buildings elegant. It is divided into two parts, which are separated by an immense park on different parts of which stand the garrison, the town hall, museum, the palace of the senate, and the opera house, besides other fine structures. Water is supplied by a great aqueduct which conveys it from the springs of Mount Corcovado. The public fountains with which the numerous squares are furnished present an animated and peculiar appearance. Water-carriers, with their jars and



BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

buckets, gather around, waiting for their turns with exemplary patience.

Fruit-vendors too are interesting. Both men and women present their tempting wares to the passer-by. They are of all shades of chocolate colour. The women are far more persistent and vociferous than the men. Their language is the Portuguese, and the words one hears oftenest in Rio mean "To-morrow," "Patience, sir," and "Wait a little." No one ever hurries here, and you must conform to the custom.

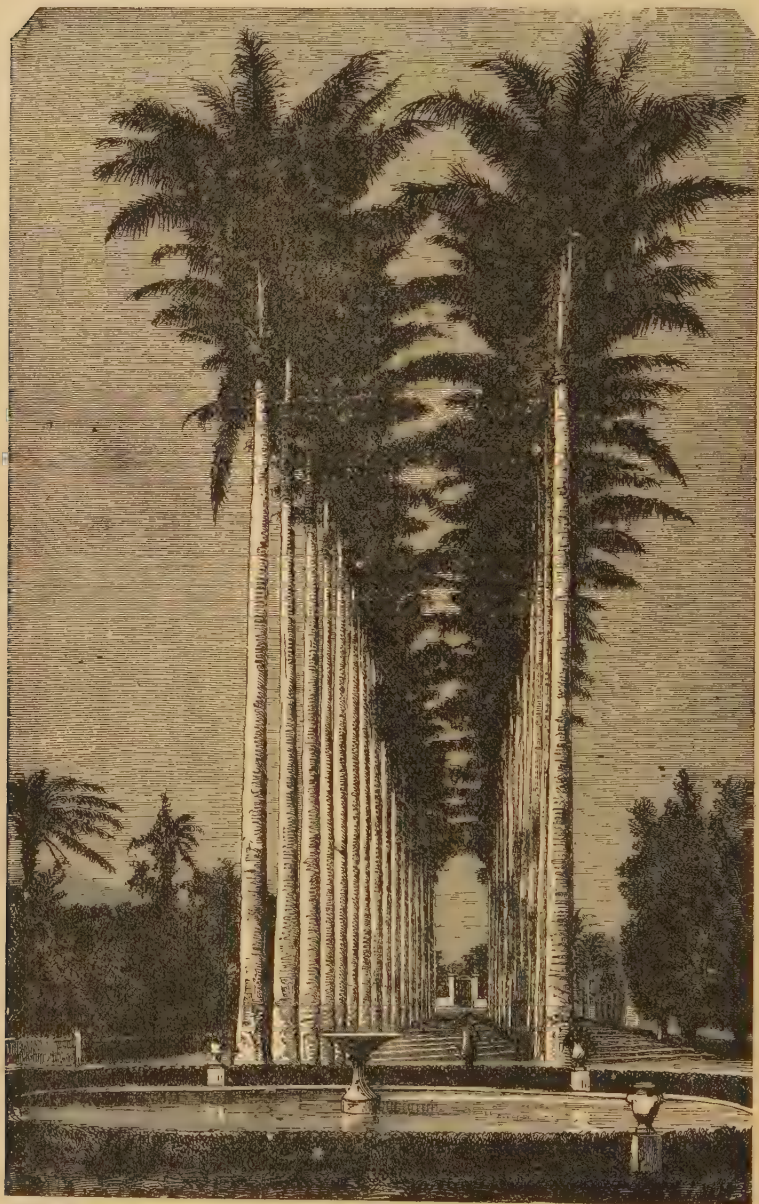
Rio enjoys another distinction—that of being among the best, if not the best-lighted city in the world. A number of years ago an English company took a contract to light the city with gas. They were to receive a certain sum for each lamp, the number not specified. They of course put in all the lamps they possibly could; and now every little crooked street, every broad avenue, and far out where they climb the hillside in the suburbs there are long lines of blazing gas-lights all the night through, whether the moon shines or not.

Another peculiar sight which might have been seen a few years ago before the street railway was introduced, was a line of gondolas, which took the place of omnibuses. One company had long the exclusive right of running omnibuses in the suburbs. Another company desired the same privilege, but were informed that it was illegal; whereupon they introduced the gondola, against which novelty there was no law. Here, however, the gondolas did not navigate the waters, as in Venice, but, drawn by mules, and on wheels, they rattled triumphantly by the disgusted omnibus-drivers.

The suburbs are the great charm of Rio except always the bay. There are the Botanical Gardens at the foot of the Corcovado, where is found the famous avenue of palms. One hundred and twenty magnificent tropical trees send their smooth, branchless trunks to a height of eighty or a hundred feet, where they are crowned with feathery fronds, forming an aisle a quarter of a mile long, unsurpassed in any part of the world. The gardens can only be criticized for their luxuriance. The art of the gardener is expended not to make plants grow, but in keeping them from growing to excess and giving the place the appearance of a tangle.

Up the mountain sides are found lovely villas and hotels,

where you can catch views that seem too beautiful for earth. Perhaps nowhere except in Switzerland can you be so privileged. There are many leaping, foaming waterfalls, of which



AVENUE OF PALMS, RIO DE JANEIRO.

the Grand Cascade in the Tijuca river is the most imposing. Here the river leaps for sixty feet or more over a rocky descent amid banks whose summer verdure never fades.

The religion of Brazil is the Roman Catholic. There have been until recent years no influences to bear upon the mother Church by Protestants, and hence there is little spirituality and much more immorality among the priests than is found in this country and in Europe. Several Protestant denominations have sent missionaries and established themselves in different parts of the empire. They are not opposed by the Government, which has proclaimed perfect religious liberty. The only deprivation the Protestants suffer is that they are not permitted to have either a bell or a steeple on their houses of worship.

The educational advantages of the boys of Brazil are better than those of the girls. The Brazilian boy, however, does not have as good a time as the youth of Canada. His childhood is over by sixteen, and he is not expected to be boisterous or frolicsome after that.

The great article of trade in Brazil, as we all know, is coffee. The berry which affords us such delicious refreshment at breakfast has, in all probability, made the journey from Rio to our homes. We sometimes fondly imagine that it has come from far-off Java or Mocha in Arabia, but in reality nearly all of the coffee used in the United States and Canada comes from Brazil. There are many grades of the berry, which are carefully assorted in New York, the best being labelled Mocha and Java, and the inferior sold cheap under the name of Rio.

LIVING TO CHRIST.

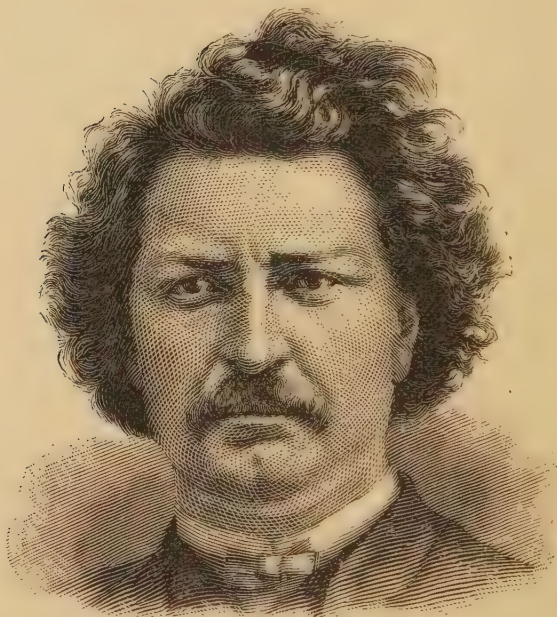
O DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me:
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come if Thou art here.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

VI.

THE SECOND REBELLION.*



LOUIS RIEL.

(Harper & Brothers, Copyright.)

THE chief actor in promoting this rebellion was the notorious Louis Riel, whose agency in the former North-West revolt we have previously described. During the summer of 1884, considerable mutterings of discontent were heard among the half-breeds in the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine territories. They complained that the Dominion land surveyors, disregarding the shape of their narrow farms running back from the river side, persisted in laying out the land in mile square

* Abridged from a more detailed account of the late revolt in the seventh edition, just published, of Withrow's *History of Canada*, 8vo, 670 pages. Illustrated with numerous maps, steel portraits and other engravings. Toronto : William Briggs.

sections, in accordance with the system generally obtaining in the North-West. They further claimed that they were unable to obtain patents for lands which they had long occupied, and were, indeed, in danger of being dispossessed by land companies whose grants overlapped the holding of the Métis. But their complaints brought no redress. The very remoteness of the seat of Government, and the divided responsibility of the departmental system, made more difficult—or, at least, less efficient—the administration of affairs over the vast regions stretching from the western boundaries of Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, and from the forty-ninth parallel to the northern limits of population—a region greater than the whole of Russia in Europe.

The disaffected half-breeds invited Riel, who, after varied fortunes, had taken refuge among the Métis of Montana, to return and champion their rights. During the fall of the year he addressed a series of meetings at the half-breed settlements, and prepared a so-called Bill of Rights, demanding the removal of their alleged grievances, the organization of the territories of Alberta and Saskatchewan with legislatures of their own, the establishment of schools and hospitals under the management of sisters of charity, the distribution of seed grain and implements, the reservation of large sections of land for distribution among the children of half-breeds, and adequate provision for the support of the Indians impoverished by the disappearance of the buffalo and other game and by the failure of their meagre crops. This Bill of Rights, which is said to have been favoured by many of the white settlers, seems never to have reached the Government, although there were not wanting allegations that numerous complaints remained unnoticed in the pigeon-holes of the Department of the Interior. Pending the response from Ottawa to these demands, a Provisional Government was organized, with Riel at its head, and Gabriel Dumont, a bold and energetic half-breed, as his "Adjutant-General."

On March 18th, 1885, the rebels, for such their reckless acts now made them, seized the Government stores at Duck Lake, about twelve miles west of Fort Carleton, on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, captured the Indian agent, cut the telegraph wires, and sent messengers to enlist the co-opera-

tion of the Indian tribes. To maintain order in all the vast region of the North-West, with a population of Indians estimated at over 30,000, there were five hundred Mounted Police. Major Crozier, with seventy-four of these, occupied Fort Carleton. On the 26th of March, with a force of about sixty police and forty volunteers, he advanced to Duck Lake to take charge of the Government stores; they were intercepted two miles from Duck Lake by a force of Indians and half-breeds, about two hundred strong, under Gabriel Dumont. A collision occurred, and a fierce fight ensued. The rebels being under cover suffered little, but eleven of the volunteers and three of the police were killed, and nine severely wounded, and were compelled to retreat, leaving the dead upon the snowy field.

Fort Carleton, a rude stockade, untenable from being commanded from neighbouring heights, was abandoned and, through accident, burnt, and Crozier, with his command, fell back on Prince Albert, forty miles distant.

Blood had now been shed, and compromise was impossible. Riel threw off all disguise, summoned Indians and half-breeds alike to revolt, and with only too disastrous success. At Battleford, some ninety miles west of Duck Lake, the younger Indians of Poundmaker's band pillaged the stores on the south side of the Battle River. Soon three hundred loyal settlers were besieged in the barracks above the river by a large number of savages.

The intelligence of these startling events produced an intense sensation throughout the country. Not since the Fenian invasion in 1866 had such patriotic enthusiasm been aroused. At the summons of the Minister of Militia more than twice the quota of volunteers asked for promptly responded. The country was fortunate in having in command of its citizen soldiery an officer of veteran experience and skill. General Frederick Middleton had seen active service in New Zealand and during the Indian Mutiny, and had won distinguished honour for saving life at the risk of his own. On the eve of the outbreak he had left Ottawa for Winnipeg, where he arrived the very day of the collision at Duck Lake. Lord Melgund, secretary to the Governor-General, for a time served on General Middleton's staff. The 90th Rifles and a field bat-

tery, of Winnipeg, were the first to move toward the front. At Toronto, on Friday, March 27th, five hundred men of the Queen's Own and Grenadiers, and a company eighty strong of the School of Infantry, under Lt.-Col. Otter, were called out; and on the Monday following, amid such an ovation of popular enthusiasm as the city had never known, left for the scene of conflict. In rapid succession volunteer companies from Kingston, London, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and Halifax, were pushed forward to the scene of disturbance. The number of troops called out by this time was about 1,050 from Manitoba, 1,450 from Ontario, 600 from Quebec, 350 from Nova Scotia, and 280 regulars.

The transport of so many men, horses, guns, stores, etc., a distance of two thousand miles from central Ontario, at an inclement season of the year, was one of no small difficulty. There were several gaps in the Canadian Pacific Railway north of Lake Superior, amounting in all to over ninety miles. But the troops were conveyed over these gaps, one of which was forty-two miles long, in sleighs, or, in some cases, were marched through the snow and slush—a task which tested to the utmost the endurance of the men, fresh from the occupations of civil life. Yet the noblest courage and endurance were manifested. In places the snow in the pathless woods was four feet deep. Small wonder that the troops suffered from frost-bites and snow-blindness during these terrible marches—among the severest ever undertaken even by veteran soldiers. Much suffering was encountered on the connecting sections of railway, the only mode of conveyance being open flat-cars, which afforded almost no protection from the piercing cold.

While the troops were thus hastening to the front, tragical events were occurring in the far West. About a hundred and twenty miles west of Battleford was Fort Pitt, a small stockaded barrack and Hudson Bay post, held by Captain Dickens—a son of the distinguished novelist—and twenty Mounted Police. Thirty miles to the north-west of this was the settlement known as Frog Lake. On Good Friday, April 3rd, the Indians at Frog Lake, who constituted Big Bear's band, rose in revolt, and massacred, with peculiar atrocity, the two priests, Father Marchand and Father Fafard, together with Thomas Quinn, Indian agent, John Delaney, farm instructor, John Gowanlock,

and several others. Three of the settlers' wives, two of whom had been the horror-stricken spectators of their husbands' deaths—were carried captives to the Indian camp. They were, however, preserved from injury by some friendly half-breeds, of whom one named Pritchard was most active in his work of humanity. But not till two months later were they finally rescued from their perilous imprisonment.

Big Bear's excited braves now thirsted for the blood of the little garrison of police stationed at Fort Pitt. Hundreds of howling savages surrounded the fort, shot one of the police, and threatened its farm instructors. Their chief sent a message to Captain Dickens offering to take under his protection the civilians, and advising the withdrawal of the police, under penalty of the destruction of the fort by fire. Against the counsel of the police, the factor's family and other settlers—over a score—accepted the offered protection, and for weeks their fate was a cause of anxious solicitude. Nothing remained for Captain Dickens but to withdraw his little force of twenty-two men. They made their way in the bitter weather in an open scow down the ice-encumbered and rapid river 120 miles to Battleford. Several of the men were frost-bitten; and it required constant baling to keep their crazy craft afloat.

Qu'Appelle station, 324 miles west of Winnipeg, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, was made the first advance rendezvous of the troops, and hither brigade after brigade were forwarded as fast as they arrived from the East. A detachment was early sent northward to Fort Qu'Appelle and Touchwood Hills to prevent any rising on the neighbouring Indian reserves. General Middleton determined to march his main column from Qu'Appelle to Clarke's Crossing, on the South Saskatchewan.

Another division, under Colonel Otter, rendezvoused, two hundred miles west of Qu'Appelle station, at Swift Current, where the Saskatchewan makes a great sweep south within thirty miles of the railway. It was intended that this column should embark in steamboats and barges on the Saskatchewan, and effect a junction with Middleton's main body at Clarke's Crossing. But the lack of water in the river prevented this, and it was resolved to make a dash across the prairie with a flying column for the relief of beleaguered Battleford.

One great difficulty of the expedition was that of transport. The march from Qu'Appelle to Batoche, the stronghold of the rebels, was 230 miles; from Swift Current to Battleford was 180 miles. Over these vast distances every ounce of food and forage for man and beast, and all the multifarious supplies, stores, and ammunition for an army had to be hauled over a prairie trail, when the roads were breaking up, and when the streams to be crossed were running with ice or swollen with the spring rains. A transport brigade of between 500 and 600 teams was organized, and the Hudson Bay stores were largely drawn upon for supplies. The teams marched in divisions of ten, and kept up a constant stream of supplies to the front. As they had to carry their own forage, however, the cost of all kind of supplies was enormous.

On April 6th, in a blinding snow-storm, the main body of the North-West field force, about 950 strong, left Fort Qu'Appelle. The troops suffered terribly from cold and from the wretched condition of the trail. Eleven days' march brought them to Clarke's Crossing. They were impatient to push on to Batoche, thirty-three miles from the Crossing, but it was necessary to wait for forage supplies, hospital stores, and the like, from Swift Current. Without waiting for the reinforcements expected by the steamer *Northcote*, General Middleton decided to divide his column into two divisions, and to move on the enemy simultaneously on both sides of the river. On April 23rd both columns advanced. About half way to Batoche, on the south bank of the river, was a deep and rugged ravine, destined to become historic as Fish Creek. Here an advance force of the rebels was concealed. On Friday, April 24th, Boulton's Mounted Scouts met the enemy, who instantly opened fire and retired to rifle-pits constructed in the ravine. The 90th Battalion deployed in skirmishing order and began a sharp fire, and the Field Battery delivered several rounds of shrapnel shell. The perfect concealment of the ravine and rifle-pits protected the half-breeds and Indians from the effects of this fire. The volunteers, on the other hand, were almost without cover, and suffered severely, no less than ten being killed and about forty wounded out of about 350 men under fire. The conflict continued for several hours. Many heroic acts of valour were performed. Our citizen soldiery bore themselves like veterans.

Indeed, not a few of the casualties resulted from their reckless exposure of their persons to the fire of the enemy.

Colonel Montizambert, with the Toronto Grenadiers and the Battery on the north bank of the river, with considerable difficulty made their way across, and about four o'clock came into action. But for the rest of the day only desultory and ineffective firing occurred. From nine in the morning till six o'clock of a cold and showery day these untried youths from office, shop, or field endured the hidden fire of veteran sharpshooters and buffalo hunters, without for a moment flagging or flinching.

For a fortnight there was an enforced cessation of hostilities in order that the wounded might receive proper attention, and that General Middleton might accumulate a sufficient store of supplies, and obtain the reinforcements and artillery that were daily expected to arrive by the *Northcote* from Swift Current.

We turn now to follow the dashing advance of Colonel Otter's flying column, and the gallant relief of Battleford. In the fort, which was protected only by a rude palisade and a single seven-pounder, were crowded some six hundred refugees, two-thirds of them being women and children. Week after week they maintained their gallant defence, looking eagerly for the relief which, in spite of innumerable difficulties, was hastening to their rescue. On the 11th of April, Colonel Otter's command reached Swift Current station. Nearly a week was employed in transferring troops and stores to the north side of the ferry. On the 18th, the flying column left the South Saskatchewan. A long train of nearly two hundred waggons, on which most of the troops found conveyance, wound over the prairie. While *en route*, the devastated home and mutilated body of Farm Instructor Payne, brutally massacred by the Indians, kindled the indignation of the relief column, and spurred their zeal to rescue the beleaguered garrison of Battleford. At night-fall on the 23rd, the white-walled houses of Battleford were seen gleaming in the last rays of the setting sun. During the night Indian scouts prowled around the camp, and their distant yells and the flames of burning houses showed that they were pillaging and destroying the town. Next day not an Indian was to be seen, but on every side were marks of the most ruthless and

reckless devastation. The hundreds of refugees within the stockaded fort hailed with joy their deliverers.

The troops spent a few days in throwing up earthworks and strengthening the defences of the fort. To prevent the flames of Indian revolt from spreading like fire in the prairie-grass, it was resolved to strike a blow at Poundmaker's camp. His "braves" had wantonly pillaged the settlers' houses far and wide, and it was feared that they might effect a junction with Riel's main body at Batoche. On May 1st, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Colonel Otter, with a flying column 300 strong, two guns and a Gatling, left Battleford in waggons or on horses, and by the light of the full moon pressed on all night to Poundmaker's camp. At five o'clock next morning, just after crossing Cut Knife Creek, which runs through a wooded ravine, the police met the enemy on an open upland slope. The infantry at once deployed, and the guns opened fire on the encampment, but the Indians sought cover in the dense undergrowth, and made an attempt to surround the attacking force. This was skilfully foiled. Under the concentrated fire of savage sharpshooters, our troops suffered severely. The continuous roar of the Gatling and the scream of the shells seemed, however, to intimidate the Indians. But the mountings of the guns unfortunately gave way, and they soon proved useless in the fight. The troops had now fought from dawn to noon without food, and many had no sleep the previous night. The number of wounded was increasing. Colonel Otter extricated himself from this perilous position by a masterly retreat. The dead and wounded and the disabled guns were safely brought off. By ten o'clock at night Battleford was reached—the six hours' fight and the march of seventy miles having been effected within thirty hours. Our loss, unfortunately, was heavy—eight killed and twelve wounded. The Indian loss is unknown.

We left General Middleton's command chafing at the delay caused by waiting for the arrival of the *Northcote* with much-needed supplies and ammunition. The progress of the steamer down the river from Swift Current was very tedious. She was heavily laden, and the water in the river was low. She frequently stuck on the sand-bars, and had to be lifted over by spars and tackle. At length, on May 5th, she reached Clarke's Crossing, having landed a medical staff at Saskatoon, whither the men wounded at Fish Creek had been conveyed.

General Middleton, on the 7th of May, with his entire force,—now numbering, with teamsters and supernumeraries, about a thousand men and six hundred horses, with four guns and a Gatling—marched along the right bank of the Saskatchewan, the *Northcote* advancing simultaneously on the river. The following night they encamped about eight miles from Batoche, the rebel stronghold. Early next morning the camp was in motion. About nine o'clock the rebel outposts came in view. A few rounds from the Gatling and a well directed shell opened the fight. A number of priests and nuns, who had taken refuge in the parish church on the bluff above the river, sought the protection of the troops. The village lay in an elliptical basin, with numerous lateral ravines, which offered good cover for the rebels. Concentric lines of rifle-pits among the brush-wood made also a formidable defence. The rebels, from their concealed rifle-pits, kept up a galling fire, by which one man was killed and six wounded. They also fired the dry grass, and the rapid spread of the flames and blinding smoke gave much annoyance. The guns made a vigorous effort to shell the half-breeds out of their rifle-pits, but without success. All attempts to turn either flank of Middleton's force were, however, effectually resisted. About three o'clock the fire languished, and shortly after the General called off his troops, to prepare a zareba of the waggons, and throw up a trench for defence, behind which they passed an unquiet and anxious night, bivouacked on the ground.

The next day, Sunday, a desultory and ineffective fire was kept up most of the day. The rebels refused to come out of their trenches, and the General, careful of the lives of his citizen-soldiers, refused to allow the troops to charge. Monday was almost a repetition of the previous day. The men chafed under their enforced restraint, and were eager for the charge.

On Tuesday, May 11th—a memorable day in the annals of the rebellion—the General resolved to gratify their desire. During the morning a white flag was displayed by the rebels, and a message was sent threatening to kill the white prisoners if the families of the rebels should be injured. The General replied that if non-combatants were placed where he could discriminate in their favour, they should not be harmed. After a hasty meal in the trenches, the General ordered an advance in force of the

whole line, now extended along a front of a mile and a half. Simultaneously the Midlanders, Grenadiers, and 90th, with fixed bayonets, rushed down the slopes, heedless of the fire from the rifle-pits. The enemy, speedily demoralized, everywhere gave way. The guns shelled the bluffs, and the Gatling rained its leaden shower. In a few minutes the rifle-pits were reached and cleared, and the gallant volunteers were in hot pursuit of the retreating rebels. Another message from Riel, again menacing the prisoners, was answered by the final rush, with ringing cheers, of the Canadian troops, across a ploughed field, exposed to a fire from the gullies into which many of the rebels had retreated, and from a series of rifle-pits. Here many fell, and the ambulances were kept busy. The batteries kept up their roar, the rifles their rapid fusilade, and troops of all arms pushed pell-mell to the front, driving the flying half-breeds before them. In this heroic charge five of the volunteers were slain and twenty-two were wounded. Only the leaders in the rebellion were put under arrest; the others were dismissed to their homes and supplied with food. Riel and Dumont both escaped. A few days later, on the 15th, Riel surrendered to a scouting party, but Dumont got safely over the border into Montana.

The steamer *Northcote*, whose co-operation had been expected during the attack on Batoche, came into view only in time to take part in the rejoicing over its capture. She had run a terrible gauntlet from the rebel rifles on either bank. Her upper works were completely riddled. As she passed Batoche Crossing, the steel cable suspended across the river was suddenly lowered to arrest her progress. It just grazed the pilot-house, and brought down the smoke-pipes and spar-gear with a crash upon the deck. An attempt to board her was repulsed by a vigorous fire. After drifting down the stream, she was brought to anchor and repaired, but not till too late to render any aid in the assault.

We turn now to notice contemporary events in the far West. As a result of the collision at Duck Lake, the Indian tribes on both sides of the Saskatchewan were thrown into a state of intense ferment. Messengers from Riel endeavoured to excite them to revolt; and with only too great success. Many of the scattered settlements were pillaged and the farm buildings

given to the flames. Fort Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan, remote posts, garrisoned by a very small number of police, were in need of relief. The nearest point on the railway was Calgary, 194 miles south of Edmonton, and 840 miles west of Winnipeg. This was, therefore, made the base of operations for the far West. Major-General Strange, a retired British officer resident near Calgary, who had seen much service, was entrusted with the command. He promptly raised a body of scouts among the cow-boys and frontier-men, and was soon joined by the 65th Regiment, from Montreal, and other corps, aggregating about 1,200 men. Immediately after the Frog Lake massacre, a flying column was pressed forward to Edmonton and thence down the North Saskatchewan to Fort Pitt. This prompt movement, well followed up by others as vigorous, effectually extinguished the flame of what threatened to be a widespread Indian revolt.

In the meantime, General Middleton, with the bulk of his command, pressed on to the relief of Prince Albert, only rudely protected by breastworks of cordwood, which for several weeks had been cut off from the loyal settlements by intervening bodies of rebels. On the 19th of May the travel-stained relief column marched into the town, and received glad greeting from the long-beleaguered refugees. General Middleton pressed on in the steamer *North-West* toward Battleford. In its vicinity, Poundmaker and his braves acted with extreme audacity. They cut off a train of eighteen ox-teams and eight horse-waggons, capturing most of the teamsters. They also attacked a scouting party of police, killing one of their number. Battleford was again, in fact, beleaguered.

On the morning of the 20th came an embassy to the General from Poundmaker, accompanied by the twenty-one captured teamsters. The Indian chief, thoroughly cowed by the tidings of the capture of Riel and collapse of the rebellion, requested favourable terms of surrender. A few days later a body of a hundred and fifty half-breeds surrendered; and shortly after Poundmaker, with two hundred of his braves, also laid down their arms.

The "fighting 90th," the Grenadiers, and other detachments of troops arriving, an expedition was organized for the pursuit of Big Bear, who had in his camp over sixty white prisoners.

General Strange had in the meantime—on the 27th of May—advanced from Fort Pitt against Big Bear. On the 31st of May three steamers with troops left Battleford to reinforce General Strange, while Colonel Herchmer, with 230 horse, pursued the trail by land. In two days this troop had marched eighty-eight miles, and effected a junction with the force conveyed by the steamers. It was found that Big Bear had broken camp and was in full retreat to the marshy recesses of the north. The rescue of a large number of the white prisoners who had been dragged around with Big Bear's camp for two months, gave intense relief throughout the Dominion. The pursuing force was divided so as to cut off the fugitive's retreat—Strange, Otter, and Irvine, with their respective commands, taking diverging lines, while General Middleton, with three hundred troops and ten days' rations, followed the trail of the flying savages. And a wild chase it led them—through muskeg and swamp, and through almost impenetrable growths of tangled brush, while the black flies and mosquitoes, the plague of those northern regions, "almost eat the men's heads off." The men of all the commands performed prodigies of toil, but when only three days' rations remained, having come to an impassable muskeg, General Middleton's force was compelled to return to Fort Pitt.

General Strange had better success, as two hundred Chipeways forsook Big Bear and surrendered to his command. Other bands fell off till the wandering chief was almost entirely deserted, and, fairly starved into submission, at last surrendered. On June 22nd, a party of white prisoners, twenty-two in number, reached Fort Pitt.

The campaign was now ended. The gallant volunteers, who, aided by a few hundred Mounted Police and men of the Infantry School, had suppressed a rebellion extending over many hundreds of miles, of often rugged and difficult country, in which many hundreds of bold, vigorous, and valorous half-breeds and Indians were engaged, might now return home.* The different columns which, from bases lying hundreds of

* "As a military achievement," says Lord Melgund, chief of General Middleton's staff, in the *Nineteenth Century*, "the success of the campaign has been brilliant. The Hon. Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia, may justly be proud of the Department which, between the 23rd of March and the 20th of

miles apart, by forced marches, had reached this outpost of civilization, each fighting meanwhile a vigorous campaign, embarked together on steamers on the Saskatchewan, and gliding down its many windings in the bright spring weather, reached at last the lake, and then the city of Winnipeg. Far different from the toilsome wintry march around the gaps in the railway was the rapid journey to the East; and right royal was the welcome tendered our citizen-soldiery at every town and city which they reached. Notably was this the case at Toronto, London, Montreal and Halifax. Never was country prouder of her sons, and never were sons more worthy of their country's pride.

Not all, alas! returned who went forth full of hope. The sad gaps in the ranks told at what price the victory had been won. Some even who seemed to bear a charmed life in the hour of battle, fell victims to disease before the campaign was over.

Not less worthy of mention are the troops which had not the good fortune to come into collision with the enemy, but to which were assigned the important duties of guarding a thousand miles of frontier and eight hundred miles of railway, and the important depots of supplies and bases of operation—these, too, had their campaign of toil and danger and their reward of duty bravely done.

The trial of Riel and his companions in his ill-starred revolt opened at Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories, on July 28th. Striking evidence was given as to his insanity, but on August 1st the verdict of "guilty" was rendered. An appeal was taken against the jurisdiction of the Court, to the Court of Queen's Bench in Manitoba, and to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England. These appeals, however, were powerless to avert his doom, and, after successive reprieves, he suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Regina, November 16th. "Nothing in his life became him like his leaving it." His behaviour on the scaffold was dignified and firm. Under

May, placed 4,419 men in the field. A complete system of transport for three columns, marching [over 200 miles each] at a great distance from each other, had to be organized; and six weeks after General Middleton's departure from Qu'Appelle, Riel was brought a prisoner into his camp. From Ottawa to Qu'Appelle is 1,635 miles. From Qu'Appelle to Batoche is a march of 243 miles."—*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1885, page 327.

the shadow of an unsuccessful revolt went out a life which, under happier auspices, might have attained an honourable distinction in the paths of peace. The execution of Riel produced an intense sensation among his French-Canadian co-religionists. In Montreal and elsewhere tumultuous meetings were held, accompanied by riotous processions and the burning in effigy of the Premier of the Dominion. A manifest estrangement followed between the Government and its Bleu supporters in the Province of Quebec.

A few days after the execution of Riel, eight Indians who had been implicated in the Frog Lake massacre were hanged ; and a number of Indians and half-breeds were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for participation in the rebellion.

"BETTER TO ME THAN MY FEARS."

"HE is better to me than my fears,"
His love has allotted my way ;
It has threaded the long linking years,
And brightened the break of each day.
I have tasted of sorrow and woe,
Have risen from trials and tears,
Thro' struggles and tempests to know
"He is better to me than my fears."

"He is better to me than my fears"—
Not a burden He lays on my heart,
But my pathway His tenderness clears,
And He carries the heaviest part,
Not a cloud, but I know He is nigh.
Not a storm, but His presence appears,
And I read in the bow-banded sky,
"He is better to me than my fears."

"He is better to me than my fears"—
'Tis the lone star that lightens the dark,
'Tis the "Hush !" that my spent spirit hears,
'Tis the leaf-laden dove to the Ark.
I am rocked to an infinite rest,
By a love that ne'er varies nor veers ;
I am stayed on a storm-stilling breast,
"That is better to me than my fears."

—*Mary Erwin Hobbs, in Triumphs of Faith.*

WESLEY AND HIS HELPERS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS GUARD, D.D.

I.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the fascination of such a theme as the history of Methodism. I confess that I feel its enthrallment; and I am happy to assert the ever-fresh delight with which its study fills my heart, as well as the ever-forceful stimulus which it imparts to my being, urging me to a nobler life, and impelling me to a bolder endeavour after the lofty models of greatness, heroism, and holiness which it presents for my admiring emulation.

To read of what my forefathers in this Church did, endured, and sacrificed for their Master, that they might win souls from death and fill our world with purity, not merely brims my eyes and nerves my spirit, but covers me with humiliation and scorches me with shame. For I feel, I know, how unworthily I have attempted to prosecute the labours assigned me, and how feebly I have sought to enlarge and complete the work in whose initial stages they displayed a devotion so martyr-like and a faith in God so child-like and so unwavering.

Over how many young and chivalrous spirits these heroes wielded their wizard wand, who dare say? In how many drooping hearts they distilled a healing balm, from how many they expelled demons of despair, eternity alone will declare! What did they not dare? What did they not sacrifice? I see them hunted and hooted by brutal mobs. I see them pelted with filth and driven from judgment-seats by faithless magistrates. I see them branded with vile epithets and endungedoned in vile prisons. I see them plunged in horse-ponds and impressed by recruiting-sergeants for foreign war. I see them feeding on all sorts of fare, and famishing with hunger and relieved with wild berries. I see them braving the rigours of severe winters and the perils of flood and forest. I see them slumbering on hardest pillows and housed in lowliest hovels. I see them with "threadbare coats that once were black," and remember how often these coats had their fading colour restored

by log-wood dye; and how often their fairest sides were turned to the sun, if haply decency of aspect might be attained. I see them in their work, and they are joyous; in their trials, and they are patient; in their homes, and they are contented; in their journeyings, and the woods echo their songs; in their closets, and they have power with God; in their pulpits, and they have power with man; in their persecutions, and they pray for their enemies; in their old age, and they tell me they have not followed "cunningly devised fables;" in their death-hour, and they are borne upon their shields—"where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" in their final home, and, as I ask, "Who are they, and whence came they?" lo! as the swell of many waters the response: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; thenceforth they are before the throne!"

The study of Methodist history confirms our faith in God's providential regard for and rule over our world and our race. To me this lesson is as powerfully taught by it as by the history of the Jewish nation. I thank God for my faith in His personal administration of the affairs of our planet and its inhabitants. My faith rests upon the sure sayings of God's word, and is liberally strengthened by a study of the history of mankind, but especially by the history of the Church of Christ.

But for faith in this fact we would be, of all men, most miserable. Dreadful should be our state of feeling were we driven to accept the last results of so-called scientific investigation and induction, that Deity may have made and ordered all things, or may not; and if He did, He interferes not with the course of nature; that ages beyond number He, perhaps, impressed or inwrought certain forces and modes of action upon all that then was; and, having wound up the mechanism and touched into oscillation its pendulum, and let loose its wheels and springs, since then He has retired within Himself—heedless of the evolutions of the gigantic machine; beyond the reach of creature's cry, of spirit's song, of man's appeal; self-absorbed and impassive; a slave fettered by His own hands, gyved by His own laws; a captive imprisoned within the walls "great and high" of nature and of force—walls whose foundation His own power laid, whose glittering turrets His own skill piled,

whose immovable buttresses and battlements His own right arm upheaved, and whose perpetuated endurance dates back to the omnific fiat of His own decrees ; that not only can He not add a new law or suspend an old one, but that He is even denied the right to modify the action and effects of olden laws by special combination of two or more of them, so as to further an end grander, holier, than any effected by their undeviating or their remorseless and indiscriminating revolution !

No truth of inspiration is more clearly, more fully, more frequently taught than the special interest felt in the world's weal by its Maker and Builder. The cross sums up all other arguments into consecrated might, and renders the demonstration irrefutable and the fact indubitable. That cannot be a forgotten race for whose redemption divine tears fell, divine blood flowed. Nothing that appertains to the interests of such a race is unworthy the notice or beneath the overruling sovereignty of Him who "so loved" it. That gift is the pledge of all others necessary to the consummation of the design for which it was bestowed. It includes all others necessary to this end. That end is none other than the moral and spiritual redemption of our humanity, its elevation, purification, civilization up into God's ideal of what a race may and ought to be. And just when His special interference is demanded by the condition of mankind does he move forth from behind the mysterious drapery in which He is enfolded, and furnish the needed and the fitting help for the emergency.

Wesley was born while Anne reigned. He died when the third George ruled over the destinies of Britain. During his life-time Addison issued his inimitable *Spectator*, and Johnson compiled his dictionary. While he lived Reynolds caught, transfixed, and immortalized the beauty, grace, and dignity of England's fairest, noblest, and most gifted sons and daughters, by the sorcery of his unequalled, fresh, and time-defying colours ; Cook circumnavigated the globe ; and Wolfe, having conquered the French upon the height of Quebec, won for Britain the grandest of her colonial possessions. During his life, England planted her foot and flag beneath the Himalayas, and Clive and Hastings climbed to immortality of fame or infamy.

While Wesley moved thousands by his calm but mighty eloquence, Burke spell-bound the most critical and exacting

audience in the Old World by the splendour of his imagination, the opulence of his learning, the breadth of his philosophic reach, and the classical finish of his imperishable oratorical essays. When Wesley was in the zenith of his power and in the fullness of his vigorous life, two of the greatest generals of their age were born. These two were islanders by birth, and entered upon their splendid careers in the same year, 1769. One was a Corsican; the other—though he cared not to own it—an Irishman. Both were of small stature, and both were of capacious intellectual power. The one sought to establish a colossal military tyranny that should bestride the continent of Europe; to the other it was given to shatter the policy of the tyrant by a series of splendid battles which reached their fitting climax in the sublime struggle of June 18, 1815, when the lurid star of tyranny went out in blood, and the Corsican was swept from the field of Waterloo to his prison and his sepulchre upon the lone volcanic cinder called St. Helena, where the ever-surging sea chanted his dirge and the rushing winds rehearsed the refrain: "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity."

A wonderful century was that in which Wesley worked! filled with wonderful men and wonderful deeds!

As to the *need* of Wesley and his work, who can question who reads the records of the reception accorded Wesley and his helpers? Remember he was a clergyman of the Established Church; that there was nothing coarse, rude, vulgar in his spirit, speech, bearing; that when he preached in the open air he did so in the full dress of a clergyman with gown and bands; that his looks, his manner, his message, all gave evidence of his impassioned longing to save men from their lives of vice, their deeds of crime. Remember he went not forth as a controversialist; not to change men from one creed to another; not to make heretics orthodox; not to create a spirit of bitterness between the classes of society; not to hound on brutal, ignorant men against men of culture, of position, of wealth; not to fling firebrands of vile epithets and vituperation against monopolists and aristocracies—but to save men from drunkenness, from blasphemy, from bull-baiting, from theft, from licentiousness, from ignorance, from poverty, from lives of debauchery, from homes of strife and hate, and to turn men from sin and Satan to holiness and God! Then, what think

you of the state of society when such a man met, in return for his noble and Christlike efforts, slander and scurrillity from the press, the ribaldry of the ballad-singer and the sneer of the witling, the cruel mockings of magistrates and the base tauntings of the play-actor? When he stands up to preach, the air, is thick with stones and tremulous with the furious shoutings of blood-thirsty crowds; and when he retires for shelter the house is assaulted by the same mobs; windows smashed; doors broken through; roofs pulled off; friends trampled into the dust and gutter; women brutally insulted; men plunged into horse-ponds and rivers; some of his helpers compelled to enlist in the army; others shut up in jail as disturbers of the peace. Church clerks are the ringleaders, under the command of the parish rectors; towns are given up to the rioters for days, as in Cork city; the appearance of a Methodist in the street is a signal for a general "turn out" of all the ruffianism of alley and court, hooting, yelling, cursing, as though hell had been let loose and every jail had been emptied of its scoundrelism. Such scenes as these were of repeated occurrence in Christian England!

Wesley came of a good and godly stock. This is not to be overlooked in our study and estimate of a great man. Wesley's father was a scholar, a theologian, and a poet; and inherited from father and grandfather a nature and spirit fearless in the maintenance of truth and heroic in the defence of liberty. For each had suffered for Christ's and conscience' sake under the tyranny both of Church and State. Wesley's mother even eclipses the fame of his father. The daughter of a Puritan clergyman distinguished for his learning, his pulpit power, and his profound piety, she herself evinced the possession of a spirit unquailing in its loyalty to duty, and of an intellect fit to grapple with the problems of theology as might have become one of the giants of the Church in her own or in other ages. The mother of nineteen children and the wife of an underpaid clergyman, she trained her children in the principles of piety, in the elements of learning, and in habits of firm self-reliance and mutual helpfulness, with an unfaltering purpose and an un murmuring assiduity; combining firmness with gentleness, and freedom with order, in her administration, so as to command the esteem, confidence, and admiration of her sons and

daughters, and secure for her memory a sacred enshrinement in their affections amid the vicissitudes of their strangely checkered lives.

Beautiful in person and queenly in visage, she was a counsellor of her boys when students at the University, and an adviser of her illustrious son in circumstances of novelty and perplexity. With a heart as tender as her intellect was clear; quick to interpret character, and prompt in her apprehension of the will and ways of Providence; calm amid scenes of perturbation, and firm in her adherence to the dictates of a finely educated conscience; never forgetting her duties as a wife, and never ignoring her responsibilities to her own soul; she lived beloved; she died honoured. And though sainthood bound no halo round her brow, yet in the halls erected to perpetuate the fame of all those who served their species by the will of God, no holier niche is filled with a spotless marble than that wherein reposes the bust of Susanna, "the mother of the Wesleys."

Yes, John Wesley had never been but for such a mother. Like many another eminent benefactor of his race, he never forgot to acknowledge his obligations to her. To him she ministered the sagest counsel, and by her judgment and advice John Wesley delighted to be controlled. To her he was indebted for many a judicious suggestion. She it was who persuaded John to the surrender of his High-Church ideas regarding preachers and preaching. She heard Thomas Maxfield preach, and told Wesley he was as certainly called to preach the Gospel as was any ordained and gowned ministers of the National Church. She is the patron saint of "local preachers." To her we owe the "lay ministry" of Methodism. And Adam Clarke, the sturdy commentator, in his notes upon the description of a perfect woman in the Book of Proverbs, declares that he knew of none in ancient or in modern times who might with such propriety have sat for that portrait as Susanna Wesley.

Wesley's greatness was seen not merely in the work he himself performed, but in the might with which he persuaded others to unite with him in the execution of its plans. He attracted others, and assigned them their spheres of labour; and then, like a central sun, maintained them in undeviating march and in balanced order during the blessed period of his earthly life.

One of the most trusted, most honoured, and most useful co-labourers with Wesley was a brother clergyman. A Swiss by birth, of noble family, he studied for the ministry; but, unable to accept the Genevan Creed, he chose a military life. Failing, both in Germany and Portugal, to realize his purpose, he visited England, where he became a tutor in the "Hill family." While there he heard of Wesley, sought and found religion, received ordination in the National Church, and at once joined Wesley, to become afterward his dearest friend, his confidential adviser, and the most eloquent and powerful expounder of the Evangelical Arminianism of Methodism.

To a nimble fancy and a vigorous imagination he added the breadth of a philosopher's intellect and the clearness of a logician's. When the great verities of Methodist Arminianism needed a defender, in John Fletcher a controversialist was found who never lost his temper; and when the utmost power of Christ to save, and the fullest power of the Gospel to beautify fallen humanity demanded a living exhibitor, lo! in the spirit and speech, in the bearing and countenance of Fletcher, the fairest embodiment of both on which our modern ages have been permitted to gaze.

He was an incarnation of love. He trod the earth as a celestial visitant. His face was a doxology. Purity beamed from his seraphic features, and holiness. No one could be in his company but to breathe its atmosphere and catch its inspiration. Wherever he went, whatever he did, heaven encompassed him. And when he died, men, as they followed the soaring spirit, woke up to the assurance that they had entertained an angel unawares.

Of the many of John Wesley's helpers, none seems to have so won the confidence, the admiration, and the love of Wesley, as the Irishman, Thomas Walsh. During the preaching of Robert Swindells on the parade-ground of Limerick, 1749, a young man of solemn and serious aspect formed one of the congregation who listened to a sermon on the text, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The words at once won his ear and possessed his heart. Rest had he been in search of for years past. Listening to these words, the path to grace opened before him as in perfect day; and, on Christ believing, he "entered into rest." Born a Romanist, through the influence of his brother, a converted

Romanist, he had left Popery and entered the Established Church, still seeking for his soul what Christ alone could give. Through the humble preacher's instrumentality, the gifted youth felt the power of the glorious Gospel, and at once became a member of the Methodist Society. Soon he began to preach, and speedily followed marvellous results. He spoke his native tongue with great fluency. He acquired the English, the Latin, the Greek, and the Hebrew languages. With all but inspired facility he mastered the Bible in its original tongues, spending hours on his knees in the entrancing study. His familiarity with the Book was such that Wesley said, in a few moments Walsh could say how often any word occurred in the Old or New Testament, and its meaning in each place.

He began to preach when twenty, and ceased at once to preach and to live when twenty-eight. He travelled through Ireland—north and south—preaching in markets and fairs, within doors and without, with overwhelming power. His own countrymen looked upon him as a saint; his look was seraphic; his bearing was of moral majesty; his speech as if one who had for an hour left the better land to minister to the souls of men in this one. With God he held absorbing fellowship, passing through life as though but the "vision splendid" won his notice. Priests railed at him; mobs roughly handled him. In jail for Christ's sake, he was still unflinching and fearless. The people crowded to the jail window to hear him, to look upon him; while, far as his voice could reach, he preached to them the glad tidings.

Often five times a day he preached, fasting frequently; rising at four o'clock in the morning, even while sick and dying, and into latest hours of night prosecuting his laborious studies. Nature could not endure it. He was old—exceeding old—at twenty-six; wasted, wan, yet still exultant in his work, triumphant in his success. Of nervous temperament, of ardent spirit, and of intense purpose, the frail tenement at last gave way. And when but twenty-eight, a worn-out man, he passed to a sphere of light and love altogether congenial to his hallowed nature and his cultivated tastes.

Wesley's intellectual rank may be thought of for a little. He was, without doubt, a philosopher by nature and disposition. He loved to reason and he delighted to speculate. His logical power was prominently developed and called into incessant play

by the defences of his conduct and position demanded by his numerous, and often bitter, foes. He was quick to detect a fallacy, and swift to expose a false premise or conclusion. To study him is to pass through a course of lectures on logic. He demanded a reason for every thing believed in and advocated by him.

Physical science found in him an ardent admirer and a fervent student. He saw the potencies lurking in electricity, and especially the services likely to be rendered to diseased humanity by that subtle and mysterious force. Art won his regards and elicited his criticism; whether it were the hoary pile of architecture, the chiselled and all but breathing bust, the glowing and well-nigh speaking canvas, or the melodies and symphonies drawn forth from pipe and string by the mighty masters of harmony and concord.

In the immortal creations of the bards of Greece and Rome, Wesley dwelt as in a realm all his own. Their sublimities awed him; their beauties, their felicities of metaphor, their description both of character and incident, found in him an enthusiastic appreciator; one ever ready to enrich and embellish his own productions by the verse, the stanza borrowed from the crowned monarchs,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

His power as a preacher must have been immense. Not that he had the passionate, weeping persuasiveness of his brother Charles; rather he seemed to be ever the reasoner; calm, commanding, clear, self-possessed, he spoke as one having authority and as though commissioned to act and appeal as the ambassador of the King of kings. With but little gesture, and free from all that would savour of dramatic manner, with a voice capable of reaching twenty thousand people in the open air, when he preached breathless attention proved the interest he awakened, while an overwhelming solemnity descended upon the audience as though one, a herald from the skies, stood forth to reason and persuade. Fearless in denunciation of sin, he was tender even to tears with seeking sinners. Those who came to mock remained to pray. Persecutors of fiercest spirit had but to listen and their purpose forsook them, as they seized his hand

as he descended from his pulpit, and became his protectors against the outlying mobs.

True, he was not the orator that Whitefield was. God does not often make such men as George Whitefield. As godly, as evangelical, and as consecrated to one work as Wesley, he excelled in what may be termed popular and effective oratory. With a voice of matchless compass and flexibility, and with a face radiant with love and rendered even rather fascinating by the squint of one eye; with a dramatic genius which Garrick might have envied; with a soul tuned to the most exquisite sensibility; with a burning passion for saving souls; full of tact; ever self-possessed; quick to seize and utilize every passing event and every sudden emergency; apt in his use of illustration; he at once compelled the most unlettered to melt under his appeals, and extorted the most flattering attention from the skeptic Hume, the courtier Chesterfield, the man of practical common sense, Franklin.

Whether on the open common, surrounded by mobs and rioters; or in the saloon of the Countess of Huntingdon, enazoned by the *élite* of British birth, grace, and beauty; or amid the hard-headed and logical sons and fathers of Scotland's Kirk; or when sweeping down with eagle-like majesty and might upon the throngs of Philadelphia and New England, Whitefield is confessedly one of the foremost of effective pulpit orators since the days when Paul magnetized the sons of Athens, and Apollos spell-bound the churches of Corinth and of Macedonia by his Alexandrian eloquence.

In no other pursuit than in the search after truth is man so nobly employed, except it be in imparting to others that which he may have discovered. It is obedience to one of the most imperative of the instincts of the human soul. For, if man be made for any end, he is made for *the acquisition of truth*. The sublimity of human nature bursts upon our view when we witness the efforts put forth by some of our fellows to attain this pearl of great price. What perils they have braved! What foes they have aroused and battled with! What agonies of soul they have experienced! What sacrifices they have made! Pilgrimages to distant oracles have been taken. Seclusion from the felicities of social life has been submitted to. Scorn, doubt, opprobrium, outlawry, imprisonment, horrid and ignominious death—all have been endured by the noble army of

truth-seekers. Often have such truth-seekers been looked on as in league with the powers of darkness—as having pawned away their souls for a ray of revelation upon some subtle but potent problem. They have been looked at with terror, shunned as lepers, hunted as wolves, cried down as doomed by heaven and by the Church to hell's darkest and dreariest pit.

To none was Wesley second in his belief in truth, and in his unabated zeal in pursuit of it. The truth might have reference to God's method of forgiving sin and bestowing rest and purity upon man's weary spirit. The truth might have reference to Church government. The truth might have reference to doctrine, such as Calvinism *versus* Arminianism, or "the witness of the Spirit" to man's adoption, or the nature and attainableness of Christ's holiness. The truth might have reference to the rightfulness or expediency of the separation of the Methodist societies from the Church of England, and their independence as a duly-organized Church. The truth might have reference to any one of the sciences of his day. It mattered not; to all truth he turned a reverent gaze. With all truth he desired to win acquaintance and familiarity. With what avidity he read; with what care he criticized; with what caution he accepted; with what faithful accuracy he recorded statements made to him, and sifted the evidence offered for their support, his Journals bear ample testimony.

The impulse to establish good is not more constant in its activity than the desire to find out the true. And in Wesley's case it resulted in growth of thought, rectification and enlargement of opinion, together with increasing respect for and toleration of all such as differ from him. How he ever welcomed suggestions from others, and with genial courtesy acknowledged the letters of those who wrote him their objections to his creed or conduct, his correspondence bears ever-recurring evidence. In matters of religion he ever turns to the Bible. Nothing binds his conscience but as it may be found in, or proved by, the Book. "O give me," he exclaims, "give me that Book." Satisfied of its divinity, his only care is to know what it teaches, enforces, warrants; and then, how dear soever the fond opinion or long-cherished prejudice, both must yield to the truth of the divine oracle.

Now, as a truth-seeker, Wesley was progressive. He made

what was, in the broadest sense, a "new departure." He had no chart by which to steer his adventurous bark over the mysterious waters of his evangelist life. What could he do but make experiments; welcome light from whatever point it streamed upon his course; and, as the facts or principles warranted him, push his keel onward, outward, into yet deeper waters, if by any means he might "catch men"? Hence we find him growing a wiser man "with the process of the sun." He knows more to-day than yesterday, hence he changes his action. This exposed him to the charge of inconsistency. But it was the inconsistency of a noble heart and of a creature to whom the future is not revealed—whose knowledge, as it grows, proves him to have been wrong yesterday, and whose change of course is the evidence, not of folly, but of wisdom; not of vacillation of purpose, but of fixedness of principle—that principle none other than this: Let me know what *is right*, and *I'll dare to do it*. "When I was young I believed everything," said Wesley; "when I grew older I believed less. Now, I am not quite sure of anything not revealed in God's Word."

Hence his High-Church notions, one by one, melted into thin air; and with growth of experience there came growth of liberality in opinion and expansion of polity and practice. In one thing he was unalterable—to do the will of God. Let that will be made known by the word of God, or by the experimental knowledge of life and men—he had but to see it to be God's will, and then let men oppose, let friends forsake, let his brother Charles object, and grow cold and suspicious, it mattered not to Wesley. He dared to venture, he dared to brave, he dared to make his own road and then to tread it with faith in Providence, with foot unflinching, and with heart calm in the peace of God, and conduct undeviating as the march of nature's most august and far-reaching laws. Stars cannot surpass him in the firmness of obedience, seraphs cannot shame him by the cheerfulness with which they obey the fiat of their Maker and their King. If this be not greatness, then tell us what is!

Did he never err? Did he never make a mistake? Yes, he erred—he made a mistake. But it was where the best and the greatest men before and since have erred and made mistakes. Wesley married; that was his one great mistake. He should never have married. His itinerant life, like Paul's, could never

have co-existed with married life ; and it did not. Bishop Asbury, the apostle and founder of Methodism in America, was right : he never married.

Had Wesley a heart ? Some will ask : Could he love ? He had a heart, the tenderest. He could love the most intensely. He was altogether human. His affections were as rich, as deep, as warm, as strong as ever beat in human bosom. But never man entered into married life so blindfolded, and never man paid a heavier penalty for his act of error. He married when nearly fifty. If he married at all it should have been before his habits had become rigidly fixed—say before or about thirty—and one of age not more than his own. He married a wealthy widow, but before marriage all her money was settled on herself. Not a penny would Wesley touch or use. But he married *jealousy incarnate*, and he married one by no means his equal in education. Her jealousy was a disease the most virulent, and the life he lived was a petty hell. Poor man ! that she taunted him and tantalized him, watched him, suspected him, railed at him, and let him feel the power of her strong arm, evidence copious exists to prove.

Yet John Wesley's wife was one of his helpers. She helped him in that she " stirred up his nest " for him with a vengeance, with a purpose relentless and resolve invincible. She threw him out from the repose of domestic luxury. Charles Wesley all but ceased to be an itinerant after his marriage. John Wesley was not designed for such a mode of life. He was called to be the itinerant. This could scarce co-exist with wedded life ; hence we might think, with all propriety, that his was not a wise step when he married. But even this was overruled. He was called to exercise new virtues and develop new graces and bear new trials. He was taught that he might better sympathize with and succour all so tried and tempted. Difficulties developed him. Fresh resolve inspired and braced him. New consecration to his work impelled him to his unremitting course. Yes, John Wesley's wife helped him !

Wesley aimed at the education and the elevation of the masses of English life. Hence he availed himself of the press as few men have done before or since. He sought to scatter the seeds of truth, thus to secure correct opinions and beliefs respecting all subjects of importance, both secular and religious.

Fortunately, as I have often thought, in selecting the leader

of this great reformation God chose an educated and a scholarly man; one well trained by the best education of his age and country, and, therefore, one capable of appreciating the benefits of education to others. No one questions Wesley's rank as a scholar. He won a fellowship in Oxford by right of scholarship, as well as an appointment as Greek lecturer. Wesley was eminently a Protestant in this particular. He would have men think, and thus give a reason for their conduct as well as for their beliefs and hopes. He recognizes the rank of man as founded upon this faculty; hence his "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion" in expounding and defending the principles and mission of Methodism.

Many of his followers have been exceedingly ignorant; but this was not Wesley's fault, and this is no evidence of their consistency as followers and disciples of Wesley. Certainly, whatever a scholarly man could do to cultivate a love of knowledge in the minds of his converts Wesley attempted and performed. Recognizing the disadvantages of many of those saved through his efforts, he at once placed his literary power at their service, and by a constant use of the press effected a circulation of literature most marvellous in his day. Tracts, letters, essays, compilations, compendiums, treatises, poured forth in continuous stream to irrigate and fructify the else sterile and desert regions of the common people of Old Britain. Wherever his preachers went they carried Wesley's books; thus they were itinerant booksellers and vendors of the elements of wisdom, knowledge, and joy.

The amount of mind saved from ignorance and its dire evils by Wesley has not yet had its due appreciation. Men who never thought began to feel the pleasures of knowledge. Minds dormant felt the breath of life passing over and through them. Torpor yielded to vigour. The germs of knowledge found a fitting soil in the nature of men arrested from the error of their vicious ways. For the first time men opened their eyes upon the glories of existence and the possibilities of being; "all things" had "become new." Great, indeed, was the amount of mind force Wesley helped to develop and utilize!

The course Wesley adopted at length developed and brought into play powers of mind and of speech in the persons of his helpers perfectly startling in their strength, their brilliancy, and their effects. There was Bradburn, the shoemaker; than

whom no greater orator spoke the English language or swayed Christian audiences during the earlier portion of the nineteenth century. There was Thomas Olivers, also a shoemaker, Wesley's assistant editor; a controversialist of the keenest logical powers; and, as the author of "The God of Abraham praise," a poet of the loftiest lyric order. There was Adam Clarke, a very prodigy of learning, a scholar of European fame, a preacher of overwhelming power and of peerless popularity. There was Samuel Drew, the shoemaker of Cornwall, a metaphysician with whom Sir William Hamilton would have delighted to converse and argue.

No adaptation for usefulness was permitted to slumber. Thoughtfulness became the habit and mood of the workers. From the realms of nature; from the pages of biography; from the annals of history; from the hoarded treasures of the great theological fathers of the Church; from the exhaustless mines of Holy Writ, were these active thinkers and speakers drawing nourishment for their understandings, material for their sermons, illustrations to win the most stupid, and arguments to convince the most resolute hearer.

But for Methodism what an amount of mind had remained undeveloped! Think of the hundreds of thousands who owe their mental being to its moral awakening power. How multitudinous the host upon which it laid its apprehending hand! upon whose head it poured its benediction as it sent them forth to bless their messages of truth! Think of its ministry; they number thousands. They have been lifted, the majority of them, from social conditions altogether unfavourable to intellectual development and refinement. But for Methodism they had remained encased in flesh-and-blood frames, bound to the plough-shafts, harnessed to the sledge. Methodism visited them, and with it the peace of God. They accepted both. And then—aye! what then?

Methodism found gems which, but for it, had never flashed their luminous light. Behind the plough and flinging the weaver's shuttle; plying the tailor's needle and urging the carpenter's plane; measuring ribbons and forging horse-shoes; splitting rails and herding flocks; wielding the trowel and heating the baker's oven, Methodism found some of the rarest jewels set in and flashing from the coronet of which it is said, "Thou art a royal diadem in the hand of thy God."

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XIV.—JAN'S RETURN.

JUST before Christmas-tide, Tulloch was sitting alone at midnight. His malady was too distressing to allow him to sleep. He was unable to go much out, and his wasted body showed that it was under a constant torture, but he said nothing, only he welcomed Margaret and the doctor, and seemed to be glad of their sympathy. All was quiet, not a footfall, not a sound except the dull roar of the waves breaking upon the beach.

Suddenly a woman's sharp cry cut the silence like a knife. It was followed by sobs and shrieks and passing footsteps and the clamour of many voices. Every one must have noticed how much more terrible noises are at night than in the day-time. Tulloch felt impressed by this night-tumult, and early in the morning sent his servant out to discover its meaning.

"It was Maggie Barefoot, sir; her man was drowned last night; she has six bairns and not a bread-winner among them. But what then? Magnus Tulloch went too, and he had four little lads—their mother died at Lammas-tide. They'll be God's bairns now, for they have neither kith nor kin. It is a sad business, I say that."

"Go and bring them here."

The order was given without consideration, and without any conscious intention. He was amazed himself when he had uttered it. The man was an old servant and said hesitatingly, "Yes, but they are no kin of thine."

"All the apples on the same tree have come from the same root, Bele; and it is like enough that all the Tullochs will have had one forbear. I would be a poor Tulloch to see one of the name wanting a bite and sup. Yes, indeed."

He was very thoughtful after seeing the children, and when Dr. Balloch came, he said to him at once: "Now, then, I will do what thou hast told me to do—settle up my affairs with this world forever. Wilt thou help me?"

"If I think thou does the right thing, I will help thee, but I do not think it is right to give thy money to Margaret Vedder. She has enough and to spare. 'Cursed be he that giveth unto the rich.' It was Mahomet and Anti-Christ that said the words, but for all that they are good words."

"I have no kin but a fifth cousin in Leith; he is full of gold and honour. All that I have would be a bawbee to him. But this is what I think, my money is Shetland money, made of Shetland fishers, and it ought to stay in Shetland."

"I think that too."

"Well, then, we are of one mind so far. Now my wish is to be bread-giver even when I am dead, to be bread-giver to the children whose fathers God has taken. Here are Magnus Tulloch's four, and Hugh Petrie's little lad, and James Traill's five children, and many more of whom I know not. My houses, big and little, shall be homes for them. My money shall buy them meal and meat and wadmail to clothe them. There are poor lonely women who will be glad to care for them, eight or ten to each, and Suneva Fae and Margaret Vedder will see that the women do their duty. What thinkest thou?"

"Now, then, I think this, that God has made thy will for thee. Moreover, thou hast put a good thought into my heart also. Thou knows I brought in my hand a little money when I came to Shetland, and it has grown, I know not how. I will put mine with thine, and though we are two childless old men, many children shall grow up and bless us."

Into this scheme Tulloch threw all his strength and foresight and prudence. The matter was urgent, and there were no delays, and no waste of money. Three comfortable fishermen's cottages that happened to be vacant, were fitted with little bunks, and plenty of fleeces for bedding. Peat was stacked for firing, and meal and salted fish sent in; so that in three days twenty-three fatherless, motherless children were in warm, comfortable homes.

Suneva entered into the work with perfect delight. She selected the mothers for each cottage, and she took good care that they kept them clean and warm, that the little ones' food was properly cooked, and their clothes washed and mended. If there were a sorrow or a complaint it was brought to her, and Suneva was not one to blame readily a child.

Never man went down to the grave with his hands so full of beneficent work as Tulloch. Through it he took the sacrament of pain almost joyfully, and often in the long, lonely hours of nightly suffering, he remembered with a smile of pleasure, the little children sweetly sleeping in the homes he had provided for them. The work grew and prospered wonderfully; never had there been a busier, happier winter in Lerwick. Margaret brought the dying man constant intelligence of his bounty; the children, one or two at a time, were allowed to come and see him; twice, leaning on Dr. Balloch, and his servant Bele, he visited the homes, and saw the orphans at their noonday meals. He felt the clasp of grateful hands, and the kiss of baby lips that could not speak their thanks. His last was the flower of his life-work and he saw the budding of it, and was satisfied with its beauty.

One morning in the following April, Margaret received the letter which Suneva had prophesied would arrive by the twentieth, if the weather were favourable. It was the first steamer

that had arrived for months, and though it made the harbour in a blinding snow-storm, little Jan would not be prevented from going to see if it brought a letter. For the boy's dream of everything grand and noble centred in his father. He talked of him incessantly; he longed to see him with all his heart.

Margaret also was restless and faint with anxiety; she could not even knit. Never were two hours of such interminable length. At last she saw him coming, his head bent to the storm, his fleet feet skimming the white ground, his hands deep in his pockets. Far off, he discovered his mother watching for him; then he stopped a moment, waved the letter above his head, and hurried onward. It was a good letter, a tender, generous, noble letter, full of love and longing, and yet alive with the stirring story of right trampling wrong under foot. The child listened to it with a glowing face:

"I would I were with my father and Snorro," he said.

"Would thou then leave me, Jan?"

"Ay, I would leave thee, mother. I would leave thee, and love thee, as my father does. I could stand by my father's side, I could fire a gun, or reef a sail, as well as Snorro. I would not be afraid of anything; no, I would not. It is such a long, long time till a boy grows up to be a man! When I am a man, thou shalt see that I will have a ship of my own."

It is only in sorrow bad weather masters us; in joy we face the storm and defy it. Margaret never thought of the snow as any impediment. She went first to Suneva, and then to Dr. Balloch with her letter; and she was so full of happiness that she did not notice the minister was very silent and pre-occupied. After a little, he said, "Margaret, I must go now to Tulloch; it has come to the last."

"Well, then, I think he will be glad. He has suffered long and sorely."

"Yet a little while ago he was full of life, eager for money, impatient of all who opposed him. Thou knowest how hard it often was to keep peace between him and thy father. Now he has forgotten the things that once so pleased him; his gold, his houses, his boats, his business, have dropped from his heart, as the toys drop from the hand of a sleepy child."

"Father went to see him a week ago."

"There is perfect peace between them now. Thy father kissed him when they said 'good-by.' When they meet again, they will have forgotten all the bitterness, they will remember only that they lived in the same town, and worshipped in the same church, and were companions in the same life. This morning we are going to eat together the holy bread; come thou with me."

As they walked through the town the minister spoke to a group of fishers, and four from among them silently followed

him. Tulloch was still in his chair, and his three servants stood beside him. The table was spread, the bread was broken, and, with prayers and tears, the little company ate it together. Then they bade each other farewell, a farewell tranquil and a little sad—said simply, and without much speaking. Soon after Tulloch closed his eyes and the minister and Margaret watched silently beside him. Once again the dying man spoke. He appeared to be sleeping heavily, but his lips suddenly moved and he said: "We shall see Nanna to-morrow!"

"We!" whispered Margaret. "Whom does he mean?"

"One whom we cannot see; one who knows the constellations, and has come to take him to his God."

Just at sunset a flash of strange light transfigured for a moment the pallor of his face; he opened wide his blue eyes, and standing erect, bowed his head in an untranslatable wonder and joy. It was the moment of release, and the weary body fell backward, deserted and dead, into the minister's arms.

During the few months previous to his death, Tulloch had been much in every one's heart and on every one's tongue. There had not been a gathering of any kind in which his name had not been the prominent one; in some way or other, he had come into many lives. His death made a general mourning, especially among the fishers, to whom he had ever been a wise and trustworthy friend. He had chosen his grave in a small islet half a mile distant from Lerwick—a lonely spot where the living never went, save to bury the dead.

The day of burial was a clear one, with a salt, fresh wind from the south-west. Six fishermen made a bier of their oars, and laid the coffin upon it. Then the multitude followed, singing as they went, until the pier was reached. Boat after boat was filled, and the strange procession kept a little behind the one bearing the coffin and the minister. The snow lay white and unbroken on the island, and, as it was only a few acres in extent, the sea murmured unceasingly around all its shores.

The spot was under a great rock carved by storms into cloud-like castles and bastions. Eagles watched them with icy gray eyes from its summit, and the slow cormorant, and the sad sea-gulls. Dr. Balloch stood, with bared head and uplifted eyes, watching them, while they laid the mortal part of his old friend in "that narrow house, whose mark is one gray stone." Then looking around on the white earth, and the black sea, and the roughly-clad, sad-faced fishers, he said, almost triumphantly—

"The message came forth from Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being:

"Who is nearer to us than breathing, and closer than hands or feet.

"Come up hither and dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"The days of thy sorrow have been sufficient; henceforward there is laid up for thee the reward of exceeding joy.

"Thou shalt no more fear the evil to come; the bands of suffering are loosed. Thy Redeemer hath brought thee a release from sorrow.

"So he went forth unto his Maker; he attained unto the beginning of peace.

"He departed to the habitations of just men made perfect, to the communion of saints, to the life everlasting."

Then he threw a few spadefuls of earth into the grave, and every man in turn did the same, till the sepulture was fully over. Silently then the boats filled, and all went to their homes. They were solemn, but not sorrowful. The simple, pathetic service left behind it a feeling as of triumph. It had shown them they were mortal, but assured them also of immortality.

During the following summer Margaret received many letters from Jan; and she wrote many to him. Nothing is so conducive to a strong affection as a long sweet course of love-letters, and both of them impressed their souls on the white paper which bore to each other their messages of affection. It was really their wooing time, and never lover was half so impatient to claim his bride, as Jan was to see again his fair, sweet Margaret. But it was not likely that he could return for another year, and Margaret set herself to pass the time as wisely and happily as possible.

Nor did she feel life to be a dreary or monotonous affair. She was far too busy for morbid regrets or longings, for *ennui*, or impatience. Between Dr. Balloch, little Jan, the "Tulloch Homes," and her own house, the days were far too short. They slipped quickly into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months grew to a year, and then every morning she awoke with the same thought—"Even to-day Jan might come." Little Jan shared her joyous expectations. He was always watching the horizon for any strange-looking craft. The last thing at night, the first in the morning, sometimes during the night, he scanned the bay, which was now filling fast with fishing boats from all quarters.

One Sunday morning very, very early, he came to his mother's bedside. "Wake, my mother! There is a strange ship in the bay. She is coming straight to harbour. Oh! I feel surely in my heart, that it is my father's ship! Let me go. Let me go now, I ask thee."

Margaret was at the window ere the child ceased speaking. "Thou may go," she said, "for I think it is *The Lapwing*."

He had fled at the first words, and Margaret awoke Elga, and the fires were kindled, and the breakfast prepared, and the happy wife dressed herself in the pale blue colour that Jan loved; and she smiled gladly to see how beautifully it con-

trasted with the golden-brown of her hair, and the delicate pink in her cheeks.

As for the child his clear, sharp eyes soon saw very plainly that the vessel had come to anchor in the bay. "Well," he said, "that will be because the tide does not serve yet." John Semple, an old Scot from Ayrshire, was on the pier, the only soul in sight. "John, thou loose the boat and row me out to *The Lapwing*. It is *The Lapwing*. I know it is. Come, thou must be in a hurry."

"'Hurry' is the deil's ain word, and I'll hurry for naeboddy; forbye, I wadna lift an oar for man or bairn on the Sawbath day."

"Dost thou think it is *The Lapwing*?"

"It may be: I'll no say it isn't."

The child had unfastened the boat while he was talking; he leaped into it, and lifted an oar. "Then I must skull, John. Thou might go with me!"

"I'm no gaun to break the Sawbath, an' a water way is waur than a land way, for then you'll be atween the deil an' the deep sea. Bide at hame, Jan, an' ye'll be a wise lad."

Jan shook his head, and went away by himself. The bay was smooth as glass, and he paddled with marvellous ease and speed. Very soon he came alongside the yacht: the sailors were holystoning the deck, but there was not a face looked over the side that little Jan knew.

"Well, then, is this *The Lapwing*?" he asked.

"That's her name; what's your name, you little monkey?"

"Jan Vedder. Throw me a rope."

The men laughed as if at some excellent joke, and taunted and teased the child until he was in a passion. In the middle of the quarrel Jan himself came on deck.

"A lad as wants to come on board, captain."

Jan looked down at the lad who wanted to come on board, and the bright eager face gave him a sudden suspicion. "What is thy name?" he asked.

"Jan Vedder. Wilt thou throw me a rope?"

Then the captain turned and gave some orders, and in a few minutes little Jan stood on the deck of *The Lapwing*. His first glance, his first movement was toward the handsomely dressed officer who was watching him with such a smiling, loving face.

"Thou art my father! I know thou art!" and with the words he lifted up his face and arms as if to be kissed and embraced.

Then they went into the cabin and Snorro was called, and perhaps Jan had a little pang of jealousy when he witnessed the joy of the child, and saw him folded to Snorro's big heart. Jan and Snorro were already dressed in their finest uniforms. They had only been waiting for daybreak to row into harbour. But now there was no need of delay. "My mother is waiting for thee," said little Jan, anxiously. "Come, let us go to her."

It was still very early. John Semple had disappeared, and not a soul else was stirring. But this time when Jan approached his old home, the welcome was evident from afar. The chimneys were smoking, the blinds raised, the door wide open, and Margaret, beautiful and loving, stood in it, with beaming face and open arms to welcome him.

Then there was a wonderful breakfast, and they sat over it until the bells were ringing for church. "There will be time to talk afterward," said Snorro, "but now, what better thing can be done than to go to church? It will be the best place of all, and it is well said, 'for a happy hour a holy roof.' What dost thou think, Jan?"

"I think as thou dost, and I see the same answer in my Margaret's face. Well, then, we will take that road."

So Jan, with his wife upon his arm, went first, and Snorro, holding little Jan by the hand, followed. The congregation were singing a psalm, a joyful one, it seemed to Jan, and they quietly walked to the minister's pew, which was always reserved for strangers.

Ere they reached it there was a profound sensation, and Dr. Balloch slightly raised himself and looked at the party. Jan was in his full uniform, and so was Snorro, but there was no mistaking either of the men. And no mistaking the tone of the service which followed! It seemed as if the minister had flung off fifty years, and was again talking to his flock with the fire and enthusiasm of his youth. His prayer was like a song of triumph; his sermon, the old joyful invitation of the heart that had found its lost treasure, and called upon its neighbours to come and rejoice with it. The service ended in a song that was a benediction, and a benediction that was a song.

Then Dr. Balloch hastened to come down, and Jan seeing how he trembled with joy, went to meet and support him; and so there, even on the pulpit stairs, the good minister kissed and blessed him, and called him "my dear son." Peter put out both hands to Jan, and Margaret embraced Suneva, and in the churchyard the whole congregation waited, and there was scarcely a dry eye among either men or women.

"Thou come home to my house to-night, Jan," said Peter, "thou, and thy wife and child; come, and be gladly welcome, for this is a great day to me."

"Come, all of you," said Suneva, "and Snorro, he must come too."

So they spent all night at Peter's house, and the next morning Peter walked to his store between his son-in-law and his grandson, the proudest and happiest man in Shetland. All, and far more than all of his old love for Jan had come back to his heart. Jan could have asked him now for the half of his fortune, and it would have been given cheerfully.

CHAPTER XV.—LABOUR AND REST.

The next evening Peter and Suneva and Dr. Balloch sat around Jan's hearth, and talked of all that he had seen and done during his absence. "But where is Michael Snorro?" asked the doctor. "I thought to have heard him talk to-night."

"Snorro stays by the yacht. His quarters are on her, and she is in his charge. No one finds Snorro far from the post of duty," answered Jan proudly. "He is the best sailor in Her Majesty's service, and the best fighter."

"That is likely," said Peter. "Since the days of Harold Halfager, the Snorros have been called good fighters."

"And why not?" asked Suneva, with a proud toss of her handsome head. "He is pure Norse. Will a Norseman turn from any fight in a good cause? That he will not."

Thus they talked until the minister said, "Now I must go to my own house, for Hamish is full of fears for me if I am late." So Jan walked with him. It was midnight, but the moon was high in the zenith, and the larks singing rapturously in mid-air. A tender, mystical glow was over earth and sea, and both were as still as if they were a picture. Many good words were said on that walk, and the man who was saved and the man who saved him both lay down upon their beds that night with full and thankful hearts.

For two months, full of quiet joy, Jan and Margaret occupied their old home. They were almost as much alone as in their honeymoon; for little Jan spent most of his time with his friend Snorro, on board *The Lapwing*. Snorro had been much pleased to join his old mates in the fishing boats, but he could not bear to put off, even for a day, his uniform. However, Jan and he and little Jan often sailed in advance of the fleet, and found the herring, and brought word back what course to steer.

Never had Jan dreamed of such happiness as came at last to him in that humble home of his early married life. It was a late harvest of joy, but it was a sure one. Margaret had wept tears of fond regret in all its rooms; its hearth had been an altar of perpetual repentance to her. But the sorrow had been followed by the joy of forgiveness, and the bliss of reunion. Its walls now echoed the fond words of mutual trust and affection, and the hearty communings of friendship. There was no stint in its hospitality; no worry over trivial matters. Margaret had learned that in true marriage the wife must give as well as take—give love and forbearance, and help and comfort.

Jan's and Snorro's visit was a kind of festival for Lerwick.

Though it was the busy season, Peter and Suneva kept open house. Never had Peter been so generous both in friendship and in business; never had Suneva dressed so gayly, or set such plenteous feasts. She was very proud of Margaret's position, and paid her unconsciously a vast respect; but she opened all her warm heart to little Jan, and everything that was hers she determined to give him.

Dr. Balloch, in his quiet way, enjoyed the visit equally. He went very often to sea in the yacht with Jan and Snorro, and, in the happy intercourse with them, the long days were short ones to him. He saw the full fruition of his faith and charity, and was satisfied.

Fortunately, after this event Jan was never very long away at one time. Until the Russian war he made short cruises in the African seas, and Snorro had many opportunities of realizing the joy of liberating the slave, and punishing the oppressor. In the toil and suffering of the Crimea, Jan and Snorro bore their part bravely. Jan had charge of a naval brigade formed of contingents from the ships of the allied fleets. No men did a greater variety of duties or behaved more gallantly than these blue jackets on shore. They dragged the heavy guns from their ships, and they fought in the batteries. They carried the scaling ladders in assaults. They landed the stores. They cheerfully worked as common labourers on that famous road between Balaclava and Sebastopol, for they knew that on its completion depended the lives of the brave men famishing and dying on the heights.

But after many happy, busy years, Jan came home one day and found only Margaret to welcome him. His son Jan was commanding his own vessel in Australian waters; his son Peter was in the East Indies. His daughters' homes were far apart, Margaret with fast silvering hair, and the heavy step of advancing years, longed greatly for the solace and strength of his constant presence; and Jan confessed that he was a little weary of the toil, and even of the glory of his life.

The fact once admitted, the desire for retirement grew with its discussion. In a little while Jan and Snorro returned to Shetland for the evening of their lives. Doctor Balloch had finished his work, and gone to his reward. Peter's store was in another name, but Peter, though a very old man, was bright and hale, and quite able to take an almost childlike interest in all Jan's plans and amusements.

At first Jan thought of occupying himself in building a fine new house; but after he had been a week in Shetland, his ambitious project seemed almost ridiculous. He noticed also that Margaret's heart clung to her old home, the plain little house in which she had suffered, and enjoyed, and learned so much. So he sat down contentedly on the hearth from which

he began a life whose troubled dawning had been succeeded by a day so brilliant, and an evening so calm.

Snorro, never far away, and never long away, from his "dear captain," his "dear Jan," bought the little cottage in which he had once lived. There he hung again the pictured Christ, and there he arranged, in his own way, all the treasures he had gathered during his roving life. Snorro's house was a wonderful place to the boys of Lerwick. They entered it with an almost awful delight. They sat hour after hour, listening to the kind, brave, good man, in whom every child found a friend and comforter. His old mates also dearly loved to spend their evenings with Snorro, and hear him tell about the dangers he had passed through, and the deeds he had done.

How fair! how calm and happy was this evening of a busy day! Yet in its sweet repose many a voice from the outside world reached the tired wayfarers. There were frequent letters from Jan's children, and they came from all countries, and brought all kinds of strange news. There were rare visits from old friends, messages and tokens of remembrance, and numerous books and papers that kept for them the echoes of the places they had left.

Neither did they feel the days long, or grow weary with inaction. Jan and Snorro, like the majority of men whose life-work is finished, conceived a late but ardent affection for their mother earth. They each had gardens and small hot-houses, and they were always making experiments with vegetables and flowers. It was wonderful how much pleasure they got out of the patches of ground they tried to beautify. Then the fishing season always renewed their youth. The boats in which Jan or Snorro took a place were the lucky boats, and often both men sat together during the watch, as they had done long years before, and talked softly in the exquisite Shetland night of all the good that had come to them.

For the companionship between these two souls grew closer and fonder as they drew nearer to the heavenly horizon. They were more and more together, they walked the long watches again, and fought over their battles, and recalled the hours which had been link after link in that chain of truest love which had bound their hearts and lives together.

And Margaret, still beautiful, with hair as white as snow, and a face as fair and pink as a pale rose-leaf, sat smiling, and listening, and knitting beside them; no fears in any of their hearts to beat away, no strife to heal, the past unsighed for the future sure, they made a picture of old age, well won,

"Serene and bright
And lovely as a Shetland night."

THE END.

The Higher Life.

DIVINE PEACE.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

PEACE upon peace, like wave upon wave,
This the portion that I crave;
The peace of God which passeth thought,
The peace of Christ which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,
Peace like the morning's silent glow,
From day to day, in love supplied,
An endless and unebbing tide.

Peace flowing on without decrease,
From Him who is our joy and peace,
Who, by His reconciling blood,
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.

Peace through the night and through the day
Peace through the windings of our way;
In pain, and toil, and weariness,
And deep and everlasting peace.

O, King of peace, this peace bestow
Upon a stranger here below;
O God of peace, thy peace impart,
To every troubled, trembling heart.

Peace from the Father and the Son,
Peace from the Spirit, all His own;
Peace that shall never more be lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PRAYER—ITS ANSWER.

ALL true prayers do move the will of God. He answers them, though not always in such ways as our partial wisdom might prefer. His thoughts are above our thoughts while bestowing His favours upon us. He withholds the imperfect that He may give the perfect. It does not enter into our hearts how great things He prepares for us. If we dwelt in Him and He in us, and our souls were fully conscious of such indwelling, we should see that He more than grants all our petitions; that

which we in our blindness deem a withholding of blessing would be opened to our eyes what we ask for, not stinted in measure, but shaken together and running over. We forget, in our doubts upon this subject, that man liveth not by bread alone. We too often choose the lower form; it is well for us sometimes that God chooses only the higher form in which to answer our prayers. David said, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." But if his comfort depended wholly on temporal things, he did not speak the truth; for he was brought down more than once into great straits of worldly misfortune. Only so far as he was a man after God's own heart, longing for spiritual blessings, keeping his will in accord with the Divine will, did his cup overflow and none of his hope perish. The prayer of St. Paul for the removal of the thorn in his flesh was answered beyond his thought in the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Our blessed Lord was once faint, and sat thus by the well while His disciples were gone away to buy meat. Yet when they returned He gave them to understand that He had already eaten. But no one had supplied Him with physical sustenance. Then he announced to His wondering friends the great truth that there are spiritual supplies for our wants with which no temporal supplies are worthy to be compared. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of. My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work."

The agreement of desire between God and the believer who truly prays is such that God is said to pray in the believer. God worketh in us to will and to do, and hence in answering our prayers He fulfils His own pleasure. Christ formed within our hearts by faith is, in the prayer we offer, interceding for us before the throne. Him the Father heareth always. He presents the golden vials from which the sweet incense is ever rising. He in whom we live is one with the Father; and His prayer must be heard, since God cannot deny Himself.—*J. M. Manning, D.D.*

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

The simplicity of faith was once illustrated to me in another and a very different manner. I was preaching my ordinary weekly lecture in the evening, when I was sent for in great haste to visit a woman who was said to be dying, and who very much desired to see me. I closed the service as soon as I could,

and went immediately to her house. She was a member of my Church, whom I had known very well for years; with whom I had been acquainted ever since her first serious impressions before she became a communicant. As I entered the room where she lay, I found it filled with her friends, who had gathered around to see her die. Making my way through the midst of them, I reached the side of her bed, and found her apparently in the last agonies of death. She was bolstered up in her bed, gasping for breath, almost suffocated by the asthma, and the whole bed shook by a palpitation of the heart, which seemed to be shaking her to pieces. It appeared to me that she could not live a quarter of an hour. I said to her, "Mrs. M., you seem to be very sick?" "Yes," said she, "I am dying." "And are you ready to die?"

She lifted her eyes to me, with a solemn and fixed gaze, and, speaking with great difficulty, she replied: "Sir, God knows—I have taken Him—at His word—and—I am not afraid—to die." It was a new definition of faith. "I have taken Him at His word." It struck me in an instant as a triumph of faith, "God knows I have taken Him at His word, and I am not afraid to die." It was just the thing for her to say. I have often tried to think what else she could have said that would have expressed so much in such few words. I prayed some four minutes by her bedside, recited to her some passages of God's word, and was about to leave her for a moment to her friends, whom she seemed anxious to address. She held me by the hand, and, uttering a word, at a time, as she gasped for breath she said to me, "I wanted to tell you—that I can—trust in God—while—I am dying. You have—often told me—He would not—forsake me—and now—I find—it true. I am—at peace. I die—willingly—and happy."

In a few minutes I left her, uttering to her such promises of the Saviour as I deemed most appropriate. However she did not die. She still lives. But that expression of her faith has been of great benefit to me. It has aided me in preaching and in conversation with inquiring sinners very often. It gave me a more simple idea of faith than I ever had before. It put aside all the mist of metaphysics, speculation, and philosophizing. It made the whole nature of faith plain. Every body could understand it. "God knows I have taken Him at His word."

Dr. I. S. Spencer.

THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL AND THE FAILURE OF THE NEW THEOLOGIES.

BY JOHN F. HURST, D.D.,

A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I.

Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.—Jeremiah vi. 16.

Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning.—I. John ii. 7.

EVERY truth must pass through fiery ordeals. To inquire, is at once a function and a duty, which belong to man's highest royalty. The human mind is of such a quality that it will not accept without examination. The teaching which disappears in this burning furnace of proof, is mere dross; but that which shines brighter when the fires cool down, proves its right to be, and to be immortal. The tried truth is the eternal truth. The gold has defied the heat; it has proven itself stronger than the flames. It is because the truth is of God that it is the child of all ages. Years alone are nothing. They only measure the flight of the hours. The greater question is, What freight have they brought to these shores? The Christian loves his doctrines, not because they are old, but because of their worth. They have outlasted times of heat, and the burning fagot which a long line of bitter foes have gathered from all forests, and kindled, and burned in vain. The true believer loves the old ways of the truth, not because they are old, but because they are entire and beautiful after their long stay in the flame. He loves his Bible, not because its truths are the most ancient literary record in existence, not because David was an older lyric writer than Hesiod, and the child Moses lay in the wicker basket on the Nile long ages before Herodotus was born, or the first clay tablets in the Babylonian library were en-

graved with the rude metallic style,—but because, in its years, it has proved its imperial claim to the throne of universal confidence. It has never deceived the hope of a trusting child, nor lost one battle-field.

Our treasures of truth, then, have come to us from the far-gone past. The ages have rolled on, and yet they live. They were old even in times which we look back upon as the early days. Does it not seem strange that one of the ancient seers should cry aloud, and utter God's words: "Stand ye in the ways, and ask for the old paths?" The truth was older than the prophet. It was hoary with years when Jeremiah was unborn. It had passed through the fire, and had come out in all its native lustre. The ages rolled by still; the star of Bethlehem shone at last; a new life was lived, the earth was redeemed, and the Messiah ascended to His high priestly office as our Mediator. The dispensation of the Spirit was introduced at Pentecost. The same truth was still the old truth. John himself loved to contemplate its antiquity. He had seen beautiful temples in his far wanderings. No eye ever gazed on more splendid architectural triumphs. He was living in Ephesus, where he could see, any hour, the stately ruins of the Temple of Diana, one of the world's seven wonders. But his eyes preferred a more venerable architecture: "Brethren, I write no new

commandment unto you, but an old" one. The Word of God was old then, and thus he loved it, trusted in it, looked upon it as the firm fortress of his faith, and took pleasure in all its golden years.

I. Let us look at some of the fundamental traits of the early Church. What was the Church, with its firm underlying truth, in its earliest period? We calculate the life of the spirit as that of the individual. We may expect to find the man in the boy. He is to-day what he was in microcosm two score years ago. The Wesley of Moorfields and Cornwall was the Wesley of Epworth and Oxford. As we look back upon the Church in its early history, a singular picture presents itself.

There was uncertainty, and yet certainty. Pentecost had not yet arrived, but was near at hand. Between the ascent of our Lord and the descent of the Spirit lay a pause of ten critical days. Much depended on the steadiness of the faith of a few score of loving friends and believers. But all their hopes were realized. The Spirit came, and brought power. The weak few became irresistible giants. The language burst all confines. The Church assumed a form of organization, made its plans, and entered upon its long career. Striking traits immediately developed themselves. The life was so intense that it stood out in all the rugged outlines of a granite mountain chain.

Great emphasis, first of all, was placed upon the revealed Word of Scripture. The mystic of the type of Behmen and Fox, who holds that God supplements His Word by special collateral revelations to the understanding, was not known in that group of first Christians. The rationalist, who contends that you must subject all revelation to the demonstrative process, and that what the reason cannot understand must be laid aside, we search for in vain in the upper room of the Temple. The agnostic, whose wise boast is the little he knows and the much he does not believe, had not yet called himself a Christian. He stood in the pagan line, and dared to venture no further. In those days no one took

upon himself the Christian name who did not believe the whole circle of Christian truth, and was willing to die for it.

When the Church was in its initial period, the canon of Scripture was not yet closed. Only the Old Testament was complete, and in the possession of the first believers. The Christian saw in it the truth. Christ was the fulfilled pledge. The Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, and the Book of Revelation had not yet taken full form, but were in process of preparation. Notwithstanding this incomplete stage, there was such an adherence to the Word of Scripture as has never been surpassed in later days. Christ used the language of the Old Testament and applied it to Himself, so that it is difficult to tell what language He used anew and what was suggested by the Old Testament writers. When He entered upon His ministry He simply arose in the synagogue in Nazareth, and read a promise from the Old Testament Scriptures. But it was an arrow which ever since then has been flying around this wide world: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." When our Lord was tempted He only quoted Scripture. The old Bible was always on His lips. His mind was ablaze with its sublime truths. All Scripture was recorded by Paul as given by inspiration of God. No theories arose as to what inspiration was, and what it was not. The day of fine distinctions had not arrived. Inspiration was God's Spirit, breathing God's thoughts into the human mind. God used human words as the organ for spreading abroad His truth. It was one of the fitnesses of Timothy for his work of taking Paul's place, that from a child he had been trained in the Scriptures.

Now, the believer must claim that there should be just as firm a faith in the revealed Word to-day as in the early Church. Think you not, if

there had been any vulnerable place here and there, in the early period of the Church, it would not have been discovered long since? The ministry of our Lord was very recent. The facts was very fresh before the world. The Gnostic doubters were keen dialecticians. The old Greek race of thinkers had not died out fully, and, had there been a flaw in the inspired record, it would have been discovered. Then, the Jews were anxious to make good the terrible crucifixion. Their deed on Calvary must be justified. The Scriptures were assailed by them. The evangelists were criticized. The epistles were analyzed. The prophets were impugned. The Pentateuch was subjected to the sharpest knife of the theological surgeon of those days. But it all stood; and it still stands. There was no moving of one Scriptural record from its firm base. Miracle was disputed, but the Christian apologists replied: "Look at your mythological absurdities; our miracle is calm nature, compared with your monstrosities." The character of the Deity was invaded, but those heroes of the truth replied: "Look at your gross divinities, the corrupt growth of your own religion." The three persons of the Godhead were disputed, but the Christian answered back: "Look at your innumerable divinities, which people all space." These retorts were irresistible. The Bible refused to yield. When once it had passed through the first ordeal it was forever safe. Have no fear for it to-day. The book which endured the awful test of the first three centuries will stand until the end of time. The minister who does not accept it has no right to enter its ministry. But he who expects to understand it, and to reduce its profound truths to a mathematical demonstration, is expecting the impossible. Let him strive, but let him also wait.

There was, further, in the early Church an intense faith in the expansion of Christianity. Christ used very striking language as to the growth of His kingdom. Without any of the environments of royalty; with only a few friends about Him;

and with no place where to lay His head, He speaks of His kingdom. We see in imagination the proud listener shake his head as the word is used. "Kingdom," indeed! But wait. Our Lord was also prophet. He was the king of the whole future. Look at the map of that day. At that time the Roman Empire extended over central Africa northward to the Ultima Thule of northern Norway. It stretched from the Pillars of Hercules in the West to the boundaries of India in the East. Its like had never been known. But let us look at a map of to-day. The old lines are gone forever. New ones have taken their place. The kingdom of Christ is broader now than any empire of Alexander, or the Cæsars, or Tamerlane. It extends from the rising to the setting sun. The early Church had a sublime faith in this expansion of Christ's kingdom. No sooner had persecution arisen than the believers scattered, and wherever they halted they preached. The apostles divided the planet between themselves. The place of the death of only a few of them is known. Perhaps it was a providential purpose, that the later preacher might go farther than the resting-place of the first, until he had encompassed the world. No desert was too hot, no tribe too rude, no language too barbarous, no land too distant, to repel the preacher of those times. To Paul's description of charity his coadjutors added another quality: they not only bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, and endured all things; but they dared all things. The preacher of the time was positively without fear. He went from one field of victory to another, and knew not the thought of failure. The probability of defeat lay not in his marching orders: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." There was a universal belief in the possession of the world by Christ. It was one of the cloudless certainties in which all believers lived. There seemed to be no horizon to limit that empire. When an apostle died, the nearest follower took up his banner, and car-

ried it further on. When John died in Ephesus, the young Polycarp caught his flag before it fell, and preached the same Gospel, and died in the same beautiful faith.

There was, besides, in the early Church a broad use made of evangelistic methods in the preaching of the Gospel. Those were the beautiful days when an inspiration to do good was not throttled in its infancy by too many conservative criticsers, who stay at home, by their own warm fireside, in slippers and easy chair, and complain that the world will not revolve in their own small orbit. There were strong efforts to do good, to convert to God, to build up Christian lives out of pagan, or any other elements. If there were some who stood aloof; were hypercritical: feared that many new converts would give up their faith; and that all the methods were too irregular, they do not appear in history, even as the faintest background to this wonderful picture of heroic evangelists. But for the many awakenings and the multitudinous conversions in the first period of the Christian Church, it could never have extended with such rapidity. When Matthew and Mark wanted to go to Africa, to speak to the wild tribes, and build up Christian churches, there were none to protest against it; and when they were gone, no Christians were left behind except such as were ready to pray for them, and bid them God-speed. When Thomas went down to Persia, and further still, to India, no carping critics were left behind to prophesy immediate death

and so withhold their confidence in his success.

I regard it as one of the most significant signs of an improved religious spirit in these times, that many of the old prejudices against evangelistic work by laymen, and by ministers of limited culture, are fast falling away. That Moody and Sankey in our own country, and missionary Aitken from England, should appear above the surface of the times, and win many souls to Christ, is a beautiful evidence of the coming of better days, when all Christians shall welcome any helping hand into this great harvest-field. If Sam. Jones and Sam. Small succeed in winning multitudes to the Redeemer, why should we object to their homely illustrations and rustic speech? The methods of these very men, and the success of their efforts, and the multitude of people who throng to them, are not proofs of a morbid imagination, or of a disposition to see some curious thing, but they declare the hunger of the masses for spiritual food. There must be true liberty to the soul whom God commissions to preach His word. If he be a layman, or a preacher of moderate culture, and God will use him, notwithstanding, for building up His kingdom, let us wish him all success in his work. If any man think that his work is in Africa, no matter how you spell his name, whether it be Melville B. Cox, or Robert Moffat, or David Livingstone, or William Taylor, let us thank God that the long line of His heroes is still an unbroken column.

QUESTIONING.

I OFTEN stop along the road,
 My faith not growing with my years,
 So weary, weary of my load
 Of mental strifes, of doubts and fears,
 God's deep, calm realms of boundless space
 To all my doubts give back the lie,
 The white stars shame my troubled face;
 They shine and shine, though all men die!

Current Topics and Events.

OUR NATIONAL INHERITANCE.

NO one can have any adequate conception of the vast extent and varied character and exhaustless resources of the Dominion of Canada unless he shall have traversed it from ocean to ocean. We confess that our ideas on many subjects have had to undergo reconstruction in consequence of a recent trip across the continent. We had the pleasure of having as travelling companion as far as Winnipeg, Dr. Bowman Stephenson, than whose no more genial fellowship could beguile of its tedium the journey through the rugged wilderness from the upper waters of the Ottawa and the sterile region north of Lake Superior to the fertile vicinity of the Prairie City of Winnipeg. It is a striking proof of the energy and enterprize of the Canadian Pacific Railway that through the tremendous engineering difficulties north of Lakes Huron and Superior one of the best constructed, best equipped, and best run railways in the world is now in successful operation.

It is a genuine surprise to reach in three days in the mid-continent so great, so "live," so energetic a city as Winnipeg, where but twelve years ago was only a Hudson's Bay Fort and a few half-breeds' cabins. In the commodious and elegant Grace Church, to the great courtesy of whose pastor, Brother Langford, for many acts of kindness our heartiest acknowledgments are due, Dr. Stephenson preached twice and lectured to one of the most intelligent and appreciative congregations to be found in the broad Dominion—the very *elite* of the Eastern Conferences—the keen, active, enterprising spirits who are seeking their fortune in the New West.

But Winnipeg is only the beginning of the West. It almost overwhelms one's imagination, as to the

boundless possibilities of the farther West as the home of the future millions, to ride on for nine hundred miles over level or gently undulating prairie, much of it of unsurpassed fertility, to the ramparts of the Rockies, and then to plunge for five hundred miles more into a sea of mountains, range beyond range—the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold Range, the Cascades—rich in exhaustless resources of timber, coal, gold, and other economic wealth—to strike again the fertile belt of the lower Fraser.

We stopped off at several places to enjoy the sublime scenery and learn the prospects of the glorious inheritance by Divine Providence committed to us as a nation—an inheritance not equalled by that of any other nation on the face of the earth. One of the greatest achievements of any age or country is our great national highway, which, despite physical difficulties of the most tremendous character, spans the broad continent and is destined to greatly develop its resources and to fill its wide areas with population.

We purpose to give in future numbers of this MAGAZINE a series of papers, with copious pictorial illustration, of this trip across the continent from ocean to ocean. These papers, we hope, will be a feature of special interest in the forthcoming volume of this MAGAZINE, and will, we think, give a more adequate conception of the greatness of our country than many of our readers have hitherto possessed.

CARRYING OUT FEDERATION.

As we ride over the broad prairie, half a thousand miles west of Winnipeg, we find in the newspaper the intelligence that the Board of Regents of Victoria College have decided to proceed at once with preliminary steps for the erection of the new

buildings required for the college in Queen's Park, Toronto, in order to carry out the federation scheme accepted by the General Conference. We are glad that this vigorous policy is being adopted. By a strong united effort the federation movement can be made a great success. In the vocabulary of our educational policy, as in that of Napoleon, there must be no such word as fail. Such a thing as divided counsels, or holding back from making federation the success we desire it to be, would go far to fulfil a prophecy of failure. The true policy to be now pursued is for every minister and every layman, whether previously opposed to federation or in favour of it—now that the principle of federation has been accepted—is to loyally and cordially support the carrying out of that principle.

It was the adoption of this course by both the advocates and opponents of union, when once the basis was adopted, that, under the blessing of God, has made that union such a success. The pursuance of a similar course, in the present educational crisis, will, we are confident, be followed by similar results.

We anticipate great benefit to our whole educational work from the appointment of Dr Potts to the important position of Educational Secretary. It needed just such a crisis and just such a great debate as that on federation to arouse our Church to the importance of our educational work; only such a crisis could have justified the setting apart of one of the foremost ministers of our Church, engaged in one of the foremost pastorates, to take hold of this work. We believe that he never had a grander opportunity for doing a greater work for God and for Methodism in the land than he will have in his new position. We have as a people, while full of zeal, of enthusiasm, in our missionary work, been too apathetic as to our educational work. We believe that our educational interests will now be raised to their just position in popular estimation and support, and that they will take their true place by the side of our missionary and evangelistic agencies.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF MISSIONS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

As we ride for two whole days over the prairies of the North-West, there grows upon the mind, more and more, a sense of the vastness of our national inheritance and of the magnitude of our privilege and duty as a Church to seek to mould the future of this great land. We are more than ever impressed, too, with the wisdom of the late General Conference in setting apart one of its members, already widely familiar with this extensive country, and influentially known among the people of the North-West. Bro. Woodsworth has now the grandest opportunity of his life to do grand work for God and Methodism on these virgin prairies. To select strategic points for observation, to counsel and encourage the brethren on their remote and isolated charges, to stimulate every department of Church enterprise—these will tax to the utmost all his energies of body and of mind. His pre-eminence of office will bring with it pre-eminence of toil. His visits to the East will make us more familiar with the greatness of the opportunity and the urgency of the need. New towns are springing up as by magic, especially at the stations at the end of each railway division. Within the bounds of the Toronto Conference, are several of these divisional stations, as Schrieber, Chappleau, White River, etc., with workshops and repairing yards, and a resident population of probably not less than 500 each without any Methodist missionary. We purpose seeing what can be done to plant Methodist Sunday-schools at these places and at many others along the three thousand miles of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In his great work in the North-West, Bro. Woodsworth needs the prayers, sympathies, the co-operation of the entire Church.

THE SOUTHERN REVIVALISTS.

No religious awakening, we think, has ever so stirred any Canadian community as that resulting from the visit to Toronto of the two distinguished revivalists of the Southern

Methodist Church. It was a marvellous sight to see four great congregations gathering day after day in two of the largest buildings of the city—the evening congregations would reach from 5,000 to 6,000 persons. The whole city seemed stirred, and the attractive power of the Gospel of Christ found a new illustration in the multitudes thronging to its faithful preaching. For it is the old, old Gospel of repentance and faith, and conversion and righteousness of life, that these brethren preach. And many day after day, through their preaching, embrace the great salvation.

Several elements conspire to the producing of this result. The moral transformation in the characters of these men, both brought from the depths of degradation and made polished shafts in the hand of the Almighty, is one element of power. Their intense convictions and red-hot moral earnestness is another. The directness of their preaching and stern rebuking of sin within the Church or out of it carries conviction to every heart. The quaintness of expression and of manner, the flashes of wit, the touching or stirring illustrations, especially of Sam Jones, his keen insight into human nature and rare felicity in probing it to the quick—these give a charm of novelty, of fresh, unhackneyed presentation of the truth, that arrests the attention and compels the assent of the judgment, and in many cases the consent of the will, to the truth. Above all, implicit and intense dependence upon the power of prayer

and the converting, saving, sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit secures the unfailing blessing of God which ever follows such faith.

In estimating results recognition must be made of the cordial and vigorous co-operation of the ministers and other Christian workers of the city. The vast Rink was divided into sections, the oversight of which was assigned to several of these workers. When any one rose for prayer, he was forthwith sedulously cared for, instructed and prayed with and for by the persons in charge of that section, his name and address were taken and he was referred to the religious care and oversight of the minister of whatever Church he might prefer. Through God's blessing upon these united efforts and this united faith a great awakening has begun, the results of which at the time of this writing cannot yet be fully seen.

Nearly all the Editorial notes in the current number of this MAGAZINE, and much more besides, including some of the Book Notices and articles for future numbers, about ninety pages of manuscript in all, are written on the Canadian Pacific Railway while the train is leaping along the track at the rate of thirty miles an hour. This will, perhaps, account for their somewhat disjointed character. But that they can be written at all during such rapid travel is a high tribute to the smooth running of the trains on this splendid road.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1887.

We are making arrangements, which are not yet quite complete, for the volume of this MAGAZINE for 1887 which will enable us to make an announcement of contents passing in interest any yet offered. Great prominence will be given to a series of articles on topics of special Can-

adian interest and importance. These articles, which will be as fully illustrated as possible, will be grouped under the general head of

"OUR OWN COUNTRY,"

and will be prepared by a number of writers who have taken special pains

to become informed on the subjects of which they shall treat. Among other topics will be the following:—

“ACROSS THE CONTINENT,” by the Editor; being notes of travel from Toronto to Victoria, B.C., with side trips among the Rocky Mountains. This series will consist of several papers copiously illustrated.

“THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST AND ALASKA,” by John T. Moore, Esq., whose brilliant series of papers on “Wonderland and Beyond,” in recent issues, were read with such interest. The engravings will be of the same character as the exquisite Wonderland series.

“THE RIVER SAGUENAY: ITS GRANDEUR AND ITS GLOOM.” By the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D. A graphic, illustrated account of that great Canadian river.

“INDIAN MISSION WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST.” By the Rev. W. W. Percival, Victoria, B.C.

“THE DOMINION OF CANADA: ITS RESOURCES AND ITS DESTINY.” By D. E. Cameron, Esq. A brilliant lecture given at Grimsby Park.

“THE WHITE WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.” By the Rev. Coverdale Watson, New Westminster, B.C.

We hope also to announce papers on “MISSION WORK IN THE NORTH-WEST,” “THE DUTY AND DIFFICULTY OF THE FRENCH WORK,” “MISSION WORK IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES,” and “LIFE AND LABOUR IN THE BERMUDAS,” by writers specially qualified to treat these subjects.

The second series of illustrated papers, which will run through a large part of the year, will be, “IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES,” by Lady Brassey, being sketches of travel in South America, the West Indies, the Spanish Main, etc. This will be, we think, the most exquisitely illustrated series ever published in this MAGAZINE.

Another series of special interest will be, “AT THE ANTIPODES,” by the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, LL.D., whose recent visit to Canada,

as fraternal delegate from the British Conference, is remembered with such pleasure. This series will describe Dr. Stephenson’s visit to the Greater Britain of Australia and New Zealand, with graphic illustrations of their unfamiliar scenes.

Another paper on Australian life will be, “THE BRITISH PRINCES AT THE ANTIPODES”—a chapter from the recent sumptuous volume by the sons of the Prince of Wales.

Of special interest to every Methodist reader will be *SOUVENIRS OF JOHN WESLEY*, with engravings of many of the places and things with which he was intimately related.

Other illustrated papers will be, “THE LAND OF THE SKY: SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN THE HIGH ALPS.” By the Editor. “AMONG THE SPICE ISLANDS;” an account of life and adventure in the unfamiliar regions of Java, Sumatra, and Rajah Brooke’s Sarawak. “LANDS OF THE BIBLE,” 3rd series. “MISSION LIFE AND WORK IN CHINA,” with numerous other illustrated articles.

We shall have two serial stories in this MAGAZINE during the year, one entitled the “PREACHER’S DAUGHTER,” by Mrs. E. A. Barr, whose “Jan Vedder’s Wife,” has proved the most popular story ever published in this MAGAZINE. Her new story is equally strongly written, and describes the sin and sorrow and repentance of a Methodist preacher’s daughter during the trying times of the Lancashire Cotton Famine. The moral teaching of the story is most pronounced and is highly salutary.

The other story we are not yet prepared to announce. We have not yet secured one that comes up to our high ideal of what a serial for this MAGAZINE should be. We shall publish nothing inferior to the very best that can be procured—something much better than the average magazine story.

As heretofore the MAGAZINE will publish contributions from the leading minds of Methodism at home

and abroad, and by leading writers of other Churches. We much regret that his serious illness prevented the Rev. Dr. Williams from completing his article on "The Less Known Poets of Methodism," but we confidently expect its early presentation. In addition to the other papers above announced we expect also the following: "THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AS A CENTRE OF INFLUENCE," by the Rev. Dr. Carman. "SIR JOHN LAWRENCE," by the Rev. A. Langford, of Winnipeg — a life-sketch of the intrepid Governor-General of India, who more than any other man saved that great dependency to the Empire during the Mutiny. "METHODISM AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL," by the Rev. John Philp, M.A., Montreal. "MADHOUSE LITERATURE," by Dr. Daniel Clark, whose paper on "Half Hours in a Lunatic Asylum" attracted such attention, and many other papers of special interest and permanent importance. This is but a partial announcement of the good things in store for our readers during the year 1887.

OUR PREMIUM BOOK FOR 1887.

We have been fortunate in securing as our premium book for the MAGAZINE for 1887 another of the Rev. J. Jackson Wray's charming stories of English life. No premium

books have been more eagerly read than Mr. Wray's former fascinating volumes, "Nestleton Magna" and "Matthew Mellowdew." His latest volume, "SIMON HOLMES, THE CARPENTER," which we now offer as a premium, will be found of no less absorbing interest. It is a stirring story of that Yorkshire Methodism which he knows so well. It shows how the plain village carpenter and the Methodist local preacher, with his shrewd wisdom, his quaint humour, his saintly piety, becomes the oracle, the guide, philosopher, and friend of lofty and lowly in the community. He brings the glad Gospel of salvation to the sick chamber of the manor house, and brings joy to the old Squire's heart by the restoration of his wandering son, after unheard-of adventures and perils, to his father's arms. Indeed, if we have any criticism to offer, it is that the book is almost too crowded with incident, with "hair-breadth 'scapes," with adventures bordering upon the sensational—adventures among London thieves, among Spanish brigands, among village poachers and the like. But through all runs the golden thread of religious principle and religious teaching. The blended pathos and humour of the book will by turns touch the fountain of tears and of smiles; its religious lessons will benefit both head and heart.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

When our notes for October were written this ecclesiastical assembly was still in session. Those who remained until the close performed a great amount of labour for the Church. It reflected great credit on the members, ministerial and lay, that they could for such a length of time give their gratuitous services to the Church.

Superintendent of Missions.—The delegates from the Manitoba and North-West Conference were unanimous in their request for the appointment of such an officer. The Conference approved the appointment, and in due time the Rev. James Woodsworth was elected Superintendent of Missions in the North-West. Our readers will see the need of increased liberality, for though there

is an increase of income this year, the expenditure is increased at a much larger ratio, and at the late annual meeting of the Board those labouring on Domestic Missions, were promised only sixty-five per cent. of their meagre stipends.

A New Conference.—The circuits and missions in British Columbia, which form three districts and have hitherto been connected with the Toronto Conference, are now formed into a separate Conference, to be known as British Columbia Conference. The brethren labouring within the bounds of this newly-made Conference have long been greatly isolated. Few of them have ever been able to attend an annual Conference, and with the exception of one layman we do not remember that any of them have ever been elected to the General Conference. Henceforth they will take part in the deliberations of the highest ecclesiastical court in the Church. We wish them abundant prosperity.

Embarrassed Trusts.—Owing to the union of the various branches of Methodism there were a few churches which suffered great loss by reason of the changes which were made in consolidating stations. These changes cut off the resources on which the trustees had largely depended for the means to maintain their respective trusts. Since the previous General Conference a committee had acted in the interim, and by means of borrowing and collecting where they could, the more necessitous cases had been partially relieved. The committee which investigated the various cases found that \$55,000 was necessary to relieve the trusts which were in difficulty. The Conference resolved that for the present an annual collection be taken in all the congregations and forwarded immediately to the treasurer, J. N. Lake, Esq., who, with a committee to aid him, will distribute the money to relieve those who are in trouble. A liberal response should be made on behalf of this fund, as some brethren have sustained heavy losses by the responsibilities which they undertook, and the fund should be regarded as a thanksgiving fund

for the consummation of Methodist union.

Church and Parsonage Aid Fund.—This fund has been established on behalf of Manitoba and the North-West. One gentleman, J. Aylsworth, Esq., has donated \$10,000 to it. The object is to assist in the erection of churches and parsonages in that distant mission field. The example of Mr. Aylsworth should be followed by the wealthy friends of Methodism throughout the Dominion.

Sustentation Fund.—It was hoped that this fund would have been established by the General Conference, but the claims for financial aid were so numerous and pressing that it was deemed prudent to delay the matter until 1890. In the meantime the General Conference has authorized that an additional collection shall be made for the Contingent Fund, and the several Annual Conferences are permitted to make such further arrangements as they may deem proper. The object of the fund is to secure better support for ministers labouring on feeble circuits.

Representatives to other Bodies.—The Rev. Dr. Stewart, Theological Professor of Sackville, was appointed to visit the British Wesleyan Conference during the quadrennium. It is to be hoped that he will also visit the other Methodist Conferences of England, many of whose former ministers and members are now united with the Methodist Church. The Rev. E. A. Stafford, LL.B., was appointed to the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. Stone to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

More Union.—The Evangelical Association, or German Methodists, are Methodists both in doctrine and polity. In some parts of Ontario they are numerous. It has often been a matter of regret that no invitation was sent to their Conference to join the Methodist union movement. The General Conference, however, resolved to send a messenger to their next Annual Conference, and also appointed a committee to confer with them respecting their

formal union with the Methodist Church. The trend of the times is in favour of Christian union. The General Conference approved the scheme of Montreal Conference for the formation of a committee to confer with the Presbyterian Church committee, that in places where a Methodist and Presbyterian church cannot be sustained except by mission funds, the congregations shall be consolidated in the name of the stronger party. This decision has called forth several eulogistic paragraphs in religious periodicals in the United States. A committee was also appointed to confer with the committee of the Anglican Church Provincial Synod respecting Christian union. The Dean of Montreal and other members of the Synod spoke in terms of Christian love respecting other denominations and entreated that the resolutions of the Synod should not only be unanimously adopted but also forwarded without delay to the Presbyterian, Methodist, and other Protestant bodies. Such resolutions clearly indicate that there is a disposition on the part of Christian denominations to love one another as brethren. Such events are favourable signs of the times.

Temperance.—On this subject, as might be expected, the General Conference gave no uncertain sound. The report of the temperance committee was an elaborate one. It glanced at the rapid spread of temperance sentiment. Eight years ago the Temperance Act was in force in only in one county in Ontario, now twenty-five counties and two cities have adopted it. The aggregate majority of the votes cast is 26,000; but in the Dominion there is a gross majority of over 50,000 in favour of local option and prohibition. The committee believe that the time has come when more advanced legislation in respect to temperance should be adopted. The conduct of those who have mutilated the Scott Act and hindered its enforcement was severely condemned. Some would have a third political party formed, which means the election only of such persons to public offices as are pledged

to favour prohibitory legislation. This the Conference would not sanction, as the Methodist Church has never favoured any political party as such. The last Sunday in September is recommended to be set apart in all Sunday-schools as temperance Sunday, when temperance addresses shall be delivered and every means adopted to organize juvenile temperance societies. The work of the Womans' Christian Temperance Union was heartily endorsed, and all Methodist congregations are urged to use non-alcoholic wine for sacramental purposes.

During the General Conference the corner-stone of two churches were laid in Toronto, Sherbourne Street and Dover Court Road. Since the Conference adjourned a similar enterprize has been inaugurated at Davisville. The city of Brantford is adding another to the number of its Methodist churches. Two new churches are in course of erection in Montreal and one in Sherbrooke. These erections are the more gratifying inasmuch as they are all in localities which are regarded as important centres of population.

Methodist Statistics.—From various sources we have compiled the following statistics of Methodism throughout the world for 1886:—Episcopal Methodists of various branches in the United States, 23,626 itinerant ministers, 32,875 local preachers, and 3,762,985 members; non-episcopal Methodists, 2,080 itinerant ministers, 1,763 local preachers, and 195,167 lay members. Methodists in Canada, 1,543 ministers, 1,900 local preachers, and nearly 200,000 members; Methodists in Great Britain, members, 430,915, ministers, including superannuates and on trial, 1,970; Ireland, members, 25,379, ministers, 236. Foreign missions, members, 44,198, ministers, 231; French Conference, members, 1,168, ministers, 33; South Africa, Conference, members, 32,158, ministers, 180; West India Conference, members, 45,124, ministers, 85. Grand total, ministers, 29,984; local preachers, 36,538; members, 4,737,594. The Australasian statistics and those of

the smaller bodies in England not included. Some of the Conferences do not report local preachers.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

The number of presbyteries alone is now forty, and if Central India be added, forty-one. There are 773 pastoral charges and 349 mission stations reported. The names of 748 minister are on the roll, besides sixty-eight unenrolled. The total number of communicants is 127,811. The total number of families reported is 71,911, but many churches failed to supply the information. The average amount paid as "stipend" was \$883.

Dr. Mackay, the excellent missionary in Formosa, who was compelled to stop his work by the French aggression, has returned and celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of his arrival at Tamsin, March 9th. Hundreds of the natives converted under his labours came to the joyful fete from all parts of the island. In one letter Dr. Mackay tells of baptizing 1,138 native Christians in ten days and further adds, "If we only trust Him and at the same time do our duty, I believe nothing can stand against us."

The mission of Ancityum which was so long the scene of the heroic labours of Dr. Geddie of Nova Scotia, has been given up to the Free Church, as there was not scope enough for two missionaries. The Canadian missionary has gone to another field. Ancityum has been a Christian island for many years, and has sent forth many native Christians to labour (and not a few to suffer) among the heathen in the neighbouring isles. The island was rescued from heathenism by the labours of Dr. Geddie.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONS.

Within fifteen days after the report reached England of the murder of Bishop Hannington of the Uganda mission in East Africa, by order of King Mevanga, the Missionary Society received offers from twenty-six

persons to go out to their mission there. In four weeks the number had increased to fifty-three.

The sad intelligence comes from London by cable that the young King of Uganda has put to death all the converts of the Protestant and Catholic missions, and that the missionaries are in great peril. The king is more cruel than his father even, who had intervals of friendliness. The mission has prospered greatly in the past two or three years, notwithstanding the great difficulties the missionaries laboured under, and many who had been won, among them were members of the royal family.

There were about 3,000 baptisms of adults in connection with the Church of England Missionary Society last year, of which 1,680 were in India.

BAPTIST MISSIONS.

The income of the English Baptist Missionary Society this year is \$308,000, which shows an increase over the receipts of last year. The chief mission of the Society is in India, where it has sixty-three missionaries and one hundred and nineteen native evangelists.

A serious fire has occurred at Arthington or Ntamo station (English Baptist Missionary Society), on the Congo. The stores which were built of grass, with their contents, completely destroyed. The loss is about \$15,000.

Dr. Sims, of the Congo mission, says: "I want to go and locate myself at Stanley Falls, one thousand four hundred miles from the sea, to work among the lepers suffering there. Nine natives were killed there recently, several were thrown into the river, fifteen were given up by the Arabs for cannibal purposes. If I were there I should be able by my presence to stop it by means of the Gospel. There are often one thousand Arabs there, and many dying of small-pox, fever, and famine. It is just the place where I can give them the healing of the body and the Lord to the soul."

Book Notices.

The Early Schools of Methodism.

By the Rev. A. W. CUMMINGS, D.D., LL.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 12mo., pp. 432. Price \$2.

The author of this unique volume is a native of Canada, and owes his conversion to God to the Methodism of his native land. For many years he has been a resident in the United States, but has never lost his attachment to Canada, which he often visits. He spent several days very pleasantly at the late General Conference.

Dr. Cummings is a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but has spent most of his active life as Professor or Principal in various educational institutions. He is a pronounced enthusiast in education. Dr. Cummings has performed a vast amount of labour in searching Conference and other records, by an extensive correspondence involving the toil of writing more than 2,000 letters, to ascertain the correct status of all the schools of Methodism both in England and America. Having himself been connected with Methodist schools in several States he could more easily write respecting them. So far as we know, there is no other book that contains such a mass of rare information which ought to be of great interest to every Methodist throughout the world.

Our Canadian readers will be especially interested with the paper of Dr. Burwash relating to Victoria University, Cobourg, which is a comprehensive history respecting that oldest of Canadian educational institutions.

Dr. Cummings is to be congratulated on having been able to complete such a valuable work, which will serve as a reference volume for many years to come. The Methodist Church has no need to be ashamed of the efforts put forth by so many of its people to promote the cause of education. We wish for the work of our venerable friend a wide circulation.

The Mysteries of God. By PHILIP

HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. A series of Expositions of Holy Scripture. Cr. 8vo. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.25.

Mr. P. H. Gosse is well known as an accomplished scientist. He at one time lived in Canada, and has published a charming book on his Canadian experiences. We think that he is a much better authority on scientific than in Biblical exposition, and even in science he has some extraordinary views. There can be no question as to the devoutness of his spirit, and many important religious lessons can be learned from the present volume. But, with all his scholarship, we think his interpretation often visionary and misleading. The crude literalism of his conception of the glorious imagery of the apocalypse is, we think, very illusory. His views on the restoration of Israel, the second advent and the future events of the present dispensation are strongly millenarian. He contends that the new earth may be greatly extended in area by the absorption of the ocean, that the nature of carnivorous beasts may be so changed that the lion will literally "eat straw like the ox," that the finally saved shall dwell on this earth and "multiply and replenish it" by physical generation, and then, as the earth becomes crowded, colonize the myriad orbs of heaven. Serious criticism is wasted on such vagaries as these.

Possibilities of Grace. By REV.

ASBURY LOWREY, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book treats on a subject which has been the occasion of much controversy in various sections of the Church of Christ. It is more than probable that some advocates of holiness have done injury to the cause which they desired to promote. Their advocacy has not

been in the spirit of meekness. They have not exhibited the charity which thinketh no evil.

"The people called Methodists," who were raised up to "spread Scriptural holiness through these lands," should never be afraid to give their testimony. As the followers of John Wesley, they should certainly be Wesleyan in their views on this doctrine. Dr. Lowrey has studied the subject thoroughly. He professes to have received the blessing here inculcated, so that his book is not one of theory, but abounds with experience.

There is nothing wild or extravagant in the views here enunciated, and even should the reader not agree with the author's views, he will not be offended with the spirit in which he writes. The circulation of such a book cannot fail to accomplish great good, and therefore we most confidently recommend it to our readers.—E. B.

"Quit Your Meanness." Sermons and Sayings of the Rev. SAM P. JONES, with introduction by WM. LEFTWICH, D.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Subscription Edition. Price \$2.00.

Not since the days of Whitefield, we think, has there arisen a preacher who can so gain the ear of the masses and can so keep the attention of vast multitudes night after night and week after week. In this volume the marked characteristics of the Rev. Sam Jones' wonderful dissections of character and appeals to conscience are clearly shown. In quaint humour, in shrewd sense, in touching pathos, in aphoristic wisdom, we know no sermons to compare with them. The book is sure to have a large sale. It is elegantly printed and bound, has a fine steel portrait of Sam Jones and a good woodcut of his fellow-labourer Sam Small, with other engravings and a life-sketch of the great Georgia evangelist. The popular interest in these sermons is extraordinary. During the Chicago meetings great newspapers leased special telegraph wires to report them, and

were amply recouped for the large expense by the increased circulation of their periodicals. This is the authorized edition, to an interest in which Sam Jones says he has as much right as to the coat on his back.

Christian Womanhood. By MARY PRYOR HACK. Cr. 8vo, pp. 350. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.75.

There are few more profitable studies than that of Christian biography—God teaching us by the example and experience of His children. In this volume we have a sheaf of these instructive life-stories. The first and one of the most considerable is that of the saintly Mary Bosanquet, who became the wife of the saintly John Fletcher. Her life reads like a romance. The subjects of the other sketches are Mary Hall, wife of Vine Hall, captain of the *Great Eastern*, and mother of the famous Newman Hall—the story of her husband's struggle against the drink demon is strikingly told; the last Duchess of Gordon; Mary Perfect, whose name describes her character; Mary Ker, to whose noble life six pages are devoted; Mary Calvert, wife of the famous Methodist missionary to Fiji; Frances Havergal, the sweet singer, and others. There is nothing narrow nor sectarian in the selection or treatment of these subjects. The elegance of the book will make it a charming gift for the holidays. It is one of a series of such books published under such titles as Faithful Service, Consecrated Women, Self Surrender, The Free Woman, and Rifted Clouds, published by the same house at same price.

Coming to the King. Hymns by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL and others. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.00.

This is a little gem of a book. One of the most dainty and elegant volumes we have seen. Each page contains an exquisite floral design printed in several colours by chromo-

lithography. Upon this the verses are gracefully arranged, blending with the floral design. The whole is elegantly bound in colours and gold. We wonder how it can be published at the price.

The Dominion Annual Register and Review for 1885. Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN. 8vo, pp. 551. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. Price \$3, to annual subscribers \$2.50.

We have come to look upon this annual volume as a literary necessity. Nowhere else can we find such a concise yet full review of the political and parliamentary history of the year, of the progress of education, literature, science and art; of the remarkable occurrences and notable deaths of the year, besides a vast amount of statistical information which it is of great importance to have easily accessible and conveniently arranged for reference. The events of the year are of striking interest. There is an admirable account of the Riel Rebellion. We notice as an evidence of the literary activity of the Dominion that during the year 122 separate books were copyrighted at Ottawa.

Schoppell's Modern Houses. An Illustrated Architectural Quarterly. Folio, pp. 72. Price \$4 a year, \$1 per number.

This is an admirably printed and illustrated art periodical. The copy before us contains 51 designs of modern houses, with plans, descriptions, costs, etc., from \$600 to \$15,000, with sixteen other designs of out-buildings, etc., and coloured frontispiece. The designs are of all degrees of elegance and taste, many of them are ideals of graceful architecture. The book will be worth many times its value to those about to build. Schoppell, 191 Broadway, New York, is the publisher.

Jesus. A poem. By C. T. C. Pp. 112. Toronto: S. R. Briggs.

This is a devout and tender poem paraphrasing some of the principal

incidents of the life of our Lord. The writer was made to pass through deep sorrow. Her husband—a noble Christian gentleman—was stricken down by the hand of an assassin, and she plunged from happiness to misery. In the contemplation of the matchless Life she found consolation and strength, which all who study the same theme in the same spirit will share.

The Book: When, and By Whom, the Bible was Written. By REV. S. LEROY BLAKE, D.D. With an Introduction by PROFESSOR M. B. RIDDLE, D.D. Pp. 283. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Various unscholarly efforts have been made to show in a popular way how we came by our present Canon of Scripture. It is unfortunate that so many attempts have been made by those who were not competent for the task. On that account we give a warm welcome to the labours of Dr. Blake. Instead of beginning as far back as possible, and coming down, as so many have done, Dr. Blake begins at a time when the Canon was settled, and then finds his way back, showing that its books were long in existence before that date. Thus he traces the books of the New Testament back through the Apostolic Fathers to the Apostles themselves.

"Gloria Victis." A Romance. By OSSIP SCHUBIN. From the German by MARY MAXWELL. Pp. 319. Price \$1. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger.

This is another volume of the library of select foreign fiction, published by W. Gottsberger, containing the writings of such world-renowned authors as Ebers, Eckstein, Tolstoi and others. The present volume describes military and domestic life in Vienna, Prague, and elsewhere in the Austrian Empire, and gives a vivid conception of the strangely unfamiliar social ideas of that country.